













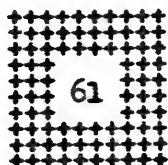


**NOTES**

**CSB**



NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF THE  
CONGREGATION OF PRIESTS OF  
SAINT BASIL — COLLECTED BY  
ROBERT JOSEPH SCOLLARD, CSB



1952 — 1975



**SERMONS & ADDRESSES**

**1952 - 1975**

**THAT RELATE**

**BASILIAN HISTORY**







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Once again we gather together to pay our last respects to a member of our Basilian Community.

Father Wilfred Murphy, the latest to answer death's summons, now joins the ever-lengthening list of those who have been called to their eternal reward out of the ranks of our local communities.

In commending his soul to his Maker in today's liturgy, we also include the names of our other departed members, for the souls of our deceased confreres are never far from the prayerful and grateful memories of those who carry on where they left off. Over and over again in today's ceremony we will hear and repeat the age-old refrain: Eternal rest grant unto them, O Lord.

It seems strange, does it not, to ask rest for men who, like Father Murphy have led such active lives, and how at variance with the true nature of God is a state of rest.

Let us understand, then, that they are at rest only in this sense: that the final goal having been achieved, all anxious striving, all labor and toil, all uncertainty, all frustration are now at an end; the ceaseless turmoil of sense, affection, desire, passion is stilled forever;



pain, sorrow, contention, loss, failure, doubt, fear, all poor trappings of weak mortality are purged and cast away. The rest that we speak of, then, is the repose of the grave, it is the peace of death, it is the quiet, the sleep of mortal instruments.

But in God there is no such thing as rest, repose or sleep. For God is Pure Action. Actus Purus according to sound theology and the teaching of the Church. How incongruous, then, and how far removed from the truth to speak of a soul at rest when God is Action itself! Can the servant sleep while the master works? Or shall the soldier rest while his captain engages the enemy? No. The souls of the just are not at rest. Rather they are caught up in the "quick force and working house of God." They are and will forever be where the action is. "From the torrents of your delights, O God, you will give them to drink; for in You is the source, the fountain, the wellspring of life". The greatest blasphemy that can be offered to God is to say that He is dead.

Christian art has done Christian theology a



great disservice by representing God on canvas, mural or fresco, as a very old man more inclined to rest and sleep than to execute the dictates of supreme intelligence and infinite will.

As a result, we forget that the basic lesson of our catechism is that God is a giver, not a receiver, that there is no passivity in God, that he is active to such an extent that were He to withhold for even a second the support of His sustaining action all things would fall back immediately into the nothingness from which He brought them forth. Ye, God is always at work. Our Blessed Lord said of Him: "My Father works until now and I work." It cannot be otherwise, for God is Pure Action, Actus Purus.

Let us try to understand the wonderful paradox contained in our prayer: Eternal rest Grant unto them O God. Let us rejoice that in eternal rest active souls will be forever at the source of action itself. In his lifetime Father Murphy was a man of action. Those who taught with him at Aquinas Institute can verify that he was equipped to teach every subject on the high



school curriculum. This rare ability plus a generous disposition involved him in long and tedious hours of tutorial and remedial work before and after the regular school day. He was never known to refuse help to any of the students. Add to this the task of personally making out the twelve hundred report cards issued monthly and you have some idea of the great little man's capacity for work. In later years, in spite of a serious heart condition, he volunteered for numberless tasks and chores about the residence and office at St. Thomas High School. There was nothing too menial, or too monotonous or too time-consuming for Father Murphy. His services were deeply appreciated by all his confreres. We will greatly miss his kindly and gentle ministrations.

Today we sorrow at the breaking of those earthly bonds which separate us from a dear friend, nay more, a brother. To Father Norman Murphy, and to Mr. Frank Murphy, his brothers, to his sisters, Mrs. Thomson, Mrs. McMahon, and Mrs. Erwin, to his nephew Ted McMahon, and through them to all the members of the family who were not able to attend, we extend the heart-felt sympathy of the





Basilian Fathers, of the students of St. Thomas and of his many friends in Houston.

While we regret the departure of one whom we have esteemed for his goodness, learning, virtue and piety; while we lament the loss of one who has been a splendid priest, a fine teacher, a prudent confessor, an able administrator; yet do we rejoice that, after life's fitful lever, his mortal remains are now at rest, while his soul is caught up into inexhaustible activity of knowing and loving his God and his Creator for all eternity.

(Sermon preached by Father James Wilson at the funeral of Father Wilfrid Murphy, in St. Anne's Church, Houston, on Wednesday morning, October 28, 1970. Transcribed from a copy of the preacher's manuscript in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto.)



It is strange but true, that of all human experiences in which we are unrealistic, it is that of Death. We who seemingly can do all things are powerless before the reality of death. While death has often been the theme in poetry, in art and music, most of us try to shun the thought of it. St. Paul, however, tells us today in the lesson read for us a moment ago that in life and in death we are the Lord's. We are responsible in life and in death to God.

In the beautiful hymn which is sung after the Lesson on Easter Sunday, "Lauda Sion", we read that life and death are mysteriously intertwined, or in another expression used today, that life and death are interlocked in a unique way. The Church in her liturgy through the centuries has tried to point out that the great Allelulias of Easter have their preface in the seeming failure and sadness of Good Friday. Christ's death, as He Himself said, was to be the Preface to His Resurrection, to His triumph over sin and death. The great miracle of all - not realized by most of us, is that His resurrected



life is the birthright of each of us in Baptism. It is our gift to bring this life to others. In a special way it is the life work of a priest.

Today as we humanly grieve at the sudden passing of one whom we loved so much, the Church offers for his eternal rest the Mass of Resurrection. For too long our funeral services, while pointing out the reality of death as fulfillment, seemed, nonetheless, in her hymns and liturgy to place emphasis on the human experience of sorrow. Thus, black or purple vestments, the "Dies Irae" beautiful in song but clothed in black.

Today, as we should, we look up to Christ, to his triumph for us, over death, and his desire, as always, to lead each one of us to a perfection on earth and to fulfillment in eternity. FULFILLMENT is the theme of today - completion - not failure - not tragedy because life is eclipsed; rather, life is ended as God intended it to be with Him.

Let us remember that every life which leaves the Christian who has lived it, a mediocrity from a spiritual point of view, is a life to a large extent that has belied its promise. For earthly



existence, its successes and its defeats, its actions, its illness and suffering, its joys, its sorrows, its questions - All these have been planned by God in His Providence for one purpose - the working out of the perfection of the individual soul. God wants each of us to be great. And every moment of time given to us, not only to accomplish things, but through the doing of those things to make certain that something should happen to us. The things of time are the anvil and the forge in which each one of us becomes what we should or at least can be.

It is not so much the many communities in which we may have served, the classes taught, nor the articles and books we may have written that count at the moment of death. Rather, how and why we have acted, and what has happened to us? Has our soul become stronger with the life of Christ in us? Does He see us as one with Him in love? Have others met Christ quietly in us because of our love for them and our dedication to work for others?

These are the questions which should be before each of us at this moment as we come to honor and to pray for one like us; but who was asked





suddenly in our judgment to bring forth his records for examination.

For God, the death of Father Bob Fischette was not sudden. It was the moment he had destined from all eternity. And if we can judge with human eyes, Father Bob was ready to give an accounting of his stewardship. In the words of the Book of Wisdom, read earlier in this Mass, the perfection of life is not measured in years but in the love of God in each of us. Spiritual strength and maturity are facts not measured by a calendar but by an attitude of will.

The facts of Father Fischette's life are known to many of you and have been recorded in the press. But to us who have known him intimately for many years, a review of his life these last few days leaves us startled when we see how much was accomplished in such a short space of years and in such a quiet but meticulously detailed way.

A review of his life - which he would never want nor expect, reveals a very significant and unified theme. From his early education here in Rochester at St. Francis Xavier School and Aquinas Institute,



to entrance into the Basilian Fathers Community in Toronto, then studies at the Universities of Toronto, Detroit and Buffalo, Ordination to the priesthood in 1940, teaching, administration in Aquinas and St. John Fisher College, and then finally his teaching and his supervision of those aspiring to the vocation of teaching at St. John Fisher College. We can trace it clearly from May 10, 1913, to December 7, 1970, and one can see the steady growth in every way of one who was a priest, a religious, and a teacher. For him these roles were really one.

Father Fischette had to a high degree the qualities that make a wonderful teacher in high school or in college: intellectual ability, patience, courage, meticulous attention to detail, experience as a disciplinarian, as an administrator, good judgment, a man of refinement and good taste. He had one fault - but it was a good one. Those of us who had worked with him begged him in recent years, as he counselled students for hours, to spare himself, to cut his sessions in half. But he wouldn't and didn't. No one could outsell him on his love of teaching and his desire to encourage others to follow in that career and vocation.



At a time when teaching is under fire at all levels, when high schools and colleges are experiencing great upheavals and many are so discouraged, I cannot think of any greater tribute to day than to say that he never slackened in his love and effort for good teaching. Above all, may I say that he combined in himself not only a personal interest in each and every student but a professional competence. Those of you who are here today know what I mean. He had a rare gift - something that is little known today in the changing and difficult world of education. Lastly, and above all, he had what I consider the most precious virtue in education - assuming competence and professionalism. He was loyal to his colleagues in the academic world, be they in grade, high school or college. Loyalty was to him a part of life. He was loyal in every respect.

If we look at the source of Father Fischette's dedication and strength should we not note the fact that he was always a priest, always a religious who loved his community of the Basilian Fathers, whose prime work is teaching. Were he the greatest man in the world his priesthood would be the most precious possession in him



and in his own eyes. Were he the most obscure, he would still be a priest of God whose life was spent always for others.

If we look at Father Fischette's last hours should we not see the hand of God writing those last lines of his history, and in a sense pointing out dramatically his life story? As a priest last Monday he was present in one of our public high schools in Rochester, talking and assisting one of our students in preparation for his teaching. This took place within a shadow of Aquinas Institute which he loved so much, and within the shadow, too, of Sacred Heart Cathedral, from whence came the last sacrament of Christ to him.

I would suspect that if anyone ever asked him how he would have liked to see his life end he would have said, "In a classroom, advising a student, or doing something for education." I doubt he would have disagreed with the way God ended his life as a teacher and priest.

Today I would not say, "Do not weep" for Christ wept over the death of Lazarus. But I would and do say, "Let us rejoice and be glad." This





is the life he has lived for, and death we must all expect. As a priest he daily joined Christ in His sacrifice of the Mass and as the Gospel told each one of us this morning, "He who feeds on this Bread shall live forever." Father Fischette heard these words often.

Today let us pray that the soul of Robert Fischette may enjoy the vision of Christ, the priest and teacher and may the vision of truth and peace be his forever.

(Homily preached by Father Charles Lavery at the funeral of Father Robert Fischette in St. Ambrose Church, Rochester, Thursday, December 10, 1970, at 10:00 a.m. Transcribed from the xerox copy of the preacher's manuscript in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers in Toronto)



You have achieved a milestone seldom attained by your priestly colleagues. Fifty years a priest is a goal we may set for ourselves in more optimistic moments, but even while setting it most of us realize how unlikely it is that we shall reach it.

I am sure that in this past week a good many vagrant thoughts reaching back over those years, and, as a matter of fact, over your whole life, have been chasing themselves through your mind. The memory of 20,000 Masses said would certainly be present, thoughts of the parents who bore you, thoughts of your brothers and sister some still alive; thoughts of the aunt who cared for you after your mother had died and who didn't know of anything to do with money except to give it away.

Perhaps thoughts of some good old parish priest under whom you grew up and who influenced you more by what he did and how he lived than by anything he ever said. I believe parish priests of that kind were easier to find in those days than they are today.



Father Sullivan brought to his priesthood a well-rounded mind buttressed by a solid philosophical and theological training. But he had more than that going for him. He had a deeply ingrained faith. He had the humility which is always found where real faith exists and he had a realization of the necessity of and a real love of prayer, personal prayer.

When after ordination he came to St. Michael's College in Toronto, he had all the armament he needed. He knew who he was and what he was and what he was expected to do, no identity problem at all. During his priestly life he encountered every difficulty, every trial, every temptation encountered by any and almost every priest but he didn't turn "cry baby". From his faith he derived whatever strength he may have needed to fight the good fight. Consequently he was a happy priest and his happiness shone through his whole personality. It contributed in a large degree to the success of his work because people knew instinctively that he liked them and responded in kind to the warmth of his nature. He knows everyone across the country and many of those know and remember him fondly.



Over thirty years of Father Sullivan's priesthood was spent in close association with the secular academic community. For twenty-four years he was Registrar of St. Michael's College, Toronto, and let me tell you, St. Michael's College is no mean college even as Toronto university is no mean university - or even as the University of Alberta is no mean university.

This association of Catholic colleges with the institutions of secular education was beginning to be recognized as an important field for the ministry at the time he went to St. Mike's. It has become and will become more important still as Catholic students in ever-increasing numbers seek their professional training in secular universities. It was while at St. Mike's that he began to prove himself as a stick handler par excellence in the game of public relations. The way he got along with the preponderantly non-Catholic authorities in the University and with the Registrars of the other affiliated Colleges, and the way in which he co-operated with them contributed in no small degree to the growth in stature of St. Michael's College on the university campus.





It would be interesting, too, if one could find a run down of the invaluable assistance given by Father Sullivan to many Catholic students in St. Mike's:- Assistance by way of wise advice, assistance by way of helping them gain bursaries and scholarships and other financial assistance. By the way, bursaries and scholarships were not as easily come by in those far off days as they are today.

I would like to know, too, how many Catholic students he helped when the going got tough - when they were knocked down in life for one cause or another, often by faults of their own commission, when they were discouraged and beaten. I'd like to know how many he inspired with the courage to get up and try again, to take another run at life with a new determination to succeed. I'm sure the number is legion.

In 1949, he came, as Principal, to St. Thomas More College on the campus of the University of Saskatchewan at Saskatoon. Here again we find pretty much a repetition of the St. Michael's story. Thomas More was poorly housed and to improve this situation, Father Sullivan inspired and engineered from behind the scenes,



a campaign for \$500,000 - a large sum of money for Saskatchewan in those days. But as I said before, everybody liked him.

He quickly lined up prestige persons and the campaign was under way, and lo and behold it was conducted by a team of non-Catholic ministers. I don't know what kind of ethics he taught - oh the principles would be sound, but in their application to practical situations they might be subject to a little review.

After six years at St. Thomas More, he relinquished his position as Principal to become chaplain of the University Hospital for nine years. Here again, an entirely different ministry, but one for which he was particularly well suited because of his ability to establish almost instant rapport with the medical staff, the nurses and patients alike. It was a charge that brought him to help them to console them when they needed consoling, to comfort them when they needed comforting and to reassure them when they needed reassuring and that is something everyone can do with if they are seriously ill.



Six years ago he came to St. Joseph's College where he presides over the brethren like an elder statesman. Many go to him for advice and if they listen to what he has to say they will make few mistakes.

If we can abstract Father Sullivan from the academic field to which he has been so much at home and put him in his priestly milieu where he is even more at home - we find ourselves with a well-balanced priestly individual. His outlook is that of a genuine priest, entirely happy, genuinely at home living with the doctrines of the teaching Church not because he knows less than the dissidents, but because he knows more, because he is a man of faith and deep humility.

Another thing I like about Father Sullivan is that he is a great Pope's man. His unswerving loyalty to the Holy See and to the Holy Father is so evident any time the subject comes up. There is nothing simulated about it either, nothing lukewarm as so much of it is today; nothing feeble. He is found in the Pope's corner anytime the gong goes.



As a natural consequence, he is equally loyal to his own superiors and to the Archbishop of the diocese in which he is posted. He is still a valuable asset to his community and to St. Joseph's College and make no mistake about it.

I know the reaction of many when they look at the cherubic countenance and smiling Irish eyes of Father Sullivan. At first they say, "Now there goes a Basilian in whom there is no guile". But as they look a little longer and penetrate a little deeper, and listen to him and watch him in operation, they sometimes revise that judgement. They say, "There goes a Basilian in whom there is more guile than you think". To prove that point. I would have to tell you about Father's missionary journeys.

Father Sullivan, Almighty God has been good to you. He has given you length of years and you have made good use of them. You have grown a little older than you used to be while retaining much of the enthusiasm of youth. You have grown a little older but you have done so gracefully. That means, I am sure, that you pray more than you used to because you have more time to do it and that in turn means that through you, a little





more love and goodness, a little more light and truth comes into the world, into your own life and into the lives of those with whom you live.

I am honored to offer to you on behalf of the members of your own community who are present, on behalf of the Archbishop of Edmonton and on behalf of his clergy, sincere congratulations on your Golden Jubilee and Best Wishes as you start out on your way to the diamond. After all it's only ten years away and I am sure you can make it in a walk.

(Sermon given by Msgr. Kenneth Foran in St. Joseph's College, Edmonton, on February 20, 1971, on the occasion of Father Basil Sullivan's 50th anniversary of priestly ordination. Transcribed from a copy prepared at Father Sullivan's request and now deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers in Toronto)



These are times of great unrest, wherein large numbers of people seem to have lost their hold on reality and for whom religious truths and values have become irrelevant. We find people from whom life and death seem to have no meaning any more. If we are not among them, we have reason to thank God, and an obligation, at least in charity, to try to help those of our neighbors who are tormented by doubts. St. Peter in his first epistle admonishes us:

"Always have your answer ready for people who ask you the reason for the hope that you have." At a time like this when we are confronted with death an opportunity is given to us to recall in a practical way the truth about death that has been given to us in our Faith. Among those weeping at a funeral, we may find some weeping for sorrow and despair, and others weeping for joy and hope. It is quite natural to ask "Why do we have to die?", and "How is it possible for death to be an occasion of joy?"

Let us look for a moment at the reason why we have to die that is given us by our Faith. We turn to the Sacred Scriptures because we believe with Vatican Council II that "in the sacred



books the Father who is in heaven meets his children with great love and speaks with them." In the Book of Genesis we find that shortly after creating the first man "God gave the man this admonition: 'You may eat indeed of all the trees in the garden. Nevertheless of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil you are not to eat, for on the day you eat of it you shall most surely die.'" A great and profound truth is contained in these words. Reflection, prayer and careful study are needed to make the truth clear to us. This knowledge of good and evil, figuratively expressed by the image of a tree and its fruit, is the power of deciding for himself what is good and what is bad, and the power of acting accordingly. This was a claim to complete moral independence by which man refused to recognize his status as a created being. It was an attack on God's sovereignty, a sin of pride, the first sin, or original sin. The same situation occurs today every time we are required to decide what is right and what is wrong. How do we know? We have to go to God to find out. That is, we must conform our conscience to God's intentions before we are entitled to follow it.



The punishment for the first man was immediate and just. Part of it is expressed in the words of God in Genesis: "With sweat on your brow you shall eat your bread, until you return to the soil, as you were taken out of it. For dust you, and to dust you shall return."

At the time of this catastrophe, the human race consisted entirely of the one man and the one woman. Whatever happened to them, happened of necessity to all who received human nature from them by procreation; that is, to all of us. The answer to our question, then, is that we must die to satisfy divine justice. Knowing this, the good Christian accepts his death and offers it to God as an act of recognition of God's supreme dominion over man.

This explanation of why we must undergo death is not the whole story, as we all know. God promised to send man a Redeemer who would one day undo the harm done by the original sin. Hope, based on that promise sustained God's chosen people through a long history until the promised Redeemer came, Christ Our Lord. He fulfilled the law, redeemed mankind by his death and gave us eternal life by his resurrection.





He established for all time the new Covenant of God with man, the covenant of love of God above all, and our neighbor as ourselves for the love of God.

Our leaving this world at death, therefore, is a necessary step towards the attainment of our final end, our ultimate happiness. They who have honestly tried to conform themselves to the will of God during their lives may look forward to their death with confidence. The more completely a man lives according to God's intentions, the greater will be his confidence when he faces death. In this way the prospect of death may, for some, become a joy because the reward of a good life is imminent. St. Paul described this reward in these words: "We teach what scripture calls the things that no eye has seen and no ear has heard, things beyond the mind of man, all that God has prepared for those who love him." According to our Faith therefore, death does have a meaning and a purpose.

The departure from among us of so good and universally beloved a priest as Father Carter stirs deep emotions in the hearts of all who



knew him. We feel the sorrow of being separated so completely from one we loved so dearly. Yet along with that sorrow we feel the joy that comes from realizing that his long and painful struggle with disease has at last come to an end, and because his many virtues must now receive their well earned reward.

If the anger of a man is not capable of satisfying the demands of divine justice in punishment for wrongdoing, so neither can the praise given by weak men like ourselves satisfy the demands of divine justice in rewarding virtuous deeds. Every man will receive his due praise from God. On the other hand, God certainly intends that we note the virtuous behavior of good people, so that we may give due glory to God for them, and that we may be encouraged by their good example to do likewise.

The scriptural readings for today's liturgy were selected because they may be applied so fittingly to the life of Father Carter. The essential optimism and hope of Christianity shine out clearly in the beatitudes, recounted in the Gospel. Blessed are the poor in spirit, the sorrowing, the humble and lowly, the single-



hearted, the peacemakers. As we read the beatitudes we cannot help being impressed by the similarity they have with what we know of the life of Father Carter.

Justice demands that some attempt be made, however faltering, to point out in public at least some of the more prominent features of Father Carter's life.

The peculiar genius of Father Cyril Carter's life was his own way of meeting and dealing with people. His manner made it clear that his prime interest was the other person as a person. He seldom, if ever, forgot the name of any person he met. His basic, guiding intention was always to lead people to God, or to goodness for the sake of God. He never lost sight of the spiritual dimension of human persons, even in the midst of the most practical material affairs.

While he manifested genuine concern for people in all circumstances, he was true to the purpose of the Basilian Community — the instruction and education of youth. Father Carter was a good teacher. Few people are aware of the long hours



of patient work he spent in preparing for his classes. He was skillful in constructing models and other visual aids to help his solid geometry students grasp the subtle concepts.

His preparation for his sermons were similarly painstaking. He read extensively and searched diligently for ideas and examples to use in his talks.

Father Carter's interest in sports was based solidly on his firm conviction that sports are good for boys. In his thinking, there was no such thing as a bad boy, and he never hesitated to trust them.

Father Carter was a true Basilian priest, worthy of the admiration and emulation of all who aspire to the Basilian way of life. He was one of those men of former times who, at the beginning of their adult life, manifested the maturity and courage to make a profession of the religious life, committing themselves thereto until death. Father Carter persevered until death faithful to that commitment.

Father Carter dedicated his time, talents, health and his life to the Basilian Community





and through that Community to Aquinas Institute. Both the Community and the Institute will be forever indebted to him for the splendid example he gave in his life of dedication and fidelity. May his noble soul rest in peace. Indeed "Happy now are the dead who die in the Lord. Yes, they shall find rest from their labors, for their works accompany them."

(Sermon preached by Father James Cross at the funeral of Father Cyril Francis Carter in Holy Rosary Church, Rochester, N.Y., on March 22, 1971, at 9:30 a.m. Transcribed from the copy in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers in Toronto)



This morning we are confronted with the fact of death and it brings us face to face with the deepest question of existence, the great mystery of death. For death is so radical. It is not just that the earthly person dies. Death is the end of the whole man as we have known him - and our hearts tend to be reverent in the face of this mystery, even the atheist who logically shouldn't be, is quiet and reverent in the face of death. It seems so final, and we ponder a very human question. Does nothing of life remain? Is the love and insight of a human life suddenly extinguished at death? But we know that this cannot be, for the warmth and light which someone has spread continues to live on in others. It is marvellous how strong a person's influence can remain after death, for they live on in all those whom they have touched with their love during their life, the influence of those long dead have touched each of our lives, the insights and affections of many of those who have gone to a new life, live on in this present day. We have this uniquely verified of course in the



life of Jesus of Nazareth. He continues to stir men's consciences and renew their lives by his love, his words and his power.

But we who are gathered here this morning are Christians, and death for us takes on a special meaning, for as we read in the gospel message of this Mass, "Unless a grain of wheat falls on the ground and dies, it remains only a single grain; but if it dies it yields a rich harvest." This is the strange paradox preached by Christ that life comes through death. He not only preached it, He lived it. In His death and because of His death, life, victory and everlasting joy became the great reality not only for Himself but for all who have become identified with Him in this victory. This life-through-death victory He has promised to all who believe and accept Him. And this is what brings us together here this morning, for John Peter Ruth became involved with Jesus Christ, in this very parish when Leo and Mary Ruth brought their first son and asked that he be reborn of water and the spirit, that he be accepted into the community of the church and



committed themselves to training him in the spirit of the gospel to love God and neighbor, a task that we know they carried out so very well. And on that day of his baptism he died to sin and for him eternal life began on that day.

And so last Friday, John Peter Ruth, entered a new phase of this eternal life, for on that day he died. During his years of service to the Father he accomplished much; her performed many acts; but on Friday he carried out his most act; he took the deeds and currents of his life here and he offered them with absolute finality.

And, we here this morning are gathered about an altar offering to our Father the same Eucharistic sacrifice that John Peter Ruth offered so many times during his pilgrimage on this earth; and at this altar we who are still on our way unite our offering of ourselves with the offering of all the saints and with his.

He has left us to begin a new life and our hearts naturally will feel a very deep sense of loss





until we, too, die, until we, too, carry out that most important deed of our lives so that we may begin to share the new life that he is now leading; a life that he is sharing with his mother and father and with his brother James who went to the Father so many years ago. I know the agony of loss that many are feeling today, especially his sisters and his brother, but I know also of the very deep faith that is theirs which can make of this day an Easter for they are true Christians. We are Christians, not because we believe in sin, in the cross, in suffering and death, but because we believe in pardon, in joy, in liberation, in the Resurrection and in life. And so we can, "He has died but he will rise and he will live." He is living now a new life in which we will all soon join.

(Sermon preached by Father A. John Ruth at the funeral of his cousin, Father John Peter Ruth, in St. Mary's Church, Owen Sound, Monday, July 12, 1971. Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript)



Embser - Sienna Club For Professional Women  
Installation Banquet 1-14-73 34

SIENNA CLUB FOR PROFESSIONAL WOMEN. TRIBUTE  
TO FATHER VINCENT GUINAN, January 14, 1973.

This installation bhanquet has always been a joyous occasion and this must be no exception. There is ample reason for recjoicing. Sienna has prospered through a quarter of a century. It is a society which is so worth while; for its members in helping them to know and love their God the more; for many young ladies who would be deprived of a university education were it not for the help rendered by Sienna and for the Church, for Sienna intensifies the faith of all whom the members meet.

This occasion marks the installation of Officers for the coming year. I must express the gratitude of all the members and Father Guinan's for the splendid leadership during the past year and through all the years. God will reward you fittingly and He is never outdone in generosity. Continue to do for Him. I must tell the retiring president how much I enjoyed the meeting during which she and the other members displayed keep-sakes. I have never forgotten the botton lash which can certainly keep husbands in line.



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The ladies who will begin their leadership this evening - we pledge our interest, our hard work and our prayers. We congratulate them this evening and ask God's blessing.

Last week I was speaking to a man who once entertained you. He remarked how different you were from most professional women whom you meet down town. He noticed your jollity, your interest in things worth while and your enthusiasm for things worth while.

A line of Tennyson came to my mind immediately:

"I am a part of all that I have met".

The ladies of Sienna have met a Saint and you have been guided by a saint through all your years. Some of the traits which you have caught from him.

He is a very humble man. Through his life he has been frequently honored. He has received two honorary doctorate degrees: one from the University of Windsor and the other from the University of St. Thomas, both recognizing his remarkable contribution to education. There are a dozen plaques in his room which have never been displayed, one of them from the Ladies of



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Sienna. Everyone who know him admires him and realizes that he is not ordinary. All who know him, love him and their number is legion. You have caught something of his humility. You must maintain that virtue and increase it in your lives.

Another trait - his optimism. He was always optimistic and still is, even when there is nothing to be optimistic about - optimistic even when the road is the roughest. He seemed to trust in God and knew that time and the hour runs through the roughest day. Others, his associates caught his spirit and if the University exists today, it has been built on his optimism. You have caught something of this from him and you must maintain that spirit all your life.

Perhaps his optimism flows from the fact that he is a man of prayer. He has spent many a busy day, yet he has always had time for his God and his prayers. You can see him these dyas making his way to the morning prayers and his Mass and he spends hours each day with our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. You have caught something of





this spirit and you must maintain that spirit the rest of your life.

He is a totally dedicated man, dedicated to God and his work, dedicated to the University, and dedicated to Sienna. He has never counted the hours which he works and his love for God has taken all the burden out of the work. I need not tell you that Sienna is foremost in his mind and he has been so anxious to see it prosper. I admired and was happy last week when we opened his Christmas cards. Each one contained a note and it was a pleasure for me to see that people do appreciate what he has done for them. One we opened very recently, it read,

"God bless you and may He answer your prayers which seem to be unheeded these days. You have worked so hard at the University, you have made it. I hope that it may never lose the mark you have given it. And you have done so much for me."

He made his way up and down main street seeking scholarship funds to enable some student to attend who couldn't do without help. He wanted to attract good students so that the University could maintain high standards. And all this



helped to finance the University. I have treated his zeal in an article I wrote recently and which you have read. You have caught something of his zeal and you must maintain that virtue all your lives.

He is a man who has suffered much and he is suffering much today. His greatest cross is the giving up of his work which he loves. He has carried this cross alone. He doesn't want to load it on anyone else. You and I have this ahead of us. We must learn how to carry the cross from him.

One more point. It deals with the future of Sienna. There will likely be one change and changes are not pleasant. We have come to a crossroads and Father Guinan shows us the direction to turn on that road. If he has a message for Sienna, it is this -- Sienna must go on. Sienna must prosper.

Yes, we must all work a little harder to insure a prosperous future. Societies are like a clock, they tend to run down. Sienna has been wound up tight and is still running at top speed. It is an electric clock. It enjoys a vibrant



life today. We must pick up the torch and we must all work to keep Sienna one of the finest societies dedicated to the honor and glory of God, to St. Catherine and the sanctification of its members. God bless you.

O Lord, you have been so kind to the Ladies of Sienna in the past and through so many years. Continue to bless these ladies.

The blessings we ask: Fill their minds with your truth that they may know you better. Fill their hearts with your love and may that love they have for You take away any of the burden imposed by the obligations of membership.

(Speech given by Father James Embser to the Sienna Club of the University of St. Thomas, Houston, Texas, in which he paid tribute to the founder of the club, Father Vincent Guinan then ill with a terminal cancer. Transcribed from a xerox copy of the author's manuscript which has been deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)



"A grain of wheat must fall into the ground and die, or else it remains nothing more than a grain of wheat; but if it dies, then it yields rich fruit" (John 12, 24)

Our Divine Lord spoke to those who flocked to hear Him in terms that a pastoral people could readily understand. The lilies of the field revealed in his view the goodness and lovable-ness of God; the tree yielding shelter to the birds of the air, and the turbulent waves of the lake of Galilee subsiding at his bidding revealed the presence of evil in the world, to be patiently endured till God finally destroyed it.

In the same way Jesus spoke about the mystery of death. He viewed it always in relation to life; the grain of wheat, etc. The grain disintegrates in the soil, that is it dies, but only as a means to a more abundant life.

The death Our Lord had in mind primarily was his own death on the cross, to be followed by a rising from the dead to a new and eternal life. This was to be the great Christian mystery (the paschal mystery). It was the very heart and core of the Good News He came to proclaim, and He was at pains to tell the





people so that when it came to pass they would believe. He gave a clear hint of it when he cast the money changers out of the temple, and was challenged to give his authority for doing so. "Destroy this temple (probably placing his hands upon his breast) and in three days I shall rebuild it" he said. Why did he not speak in more explicit terms? The reason is that, had he done so, he would have been stoned to death as a blasphemer. It was not yet time for him to die. But the apostles remembered what he said and understood it later. When it did come to pass and he was nailed to the cross, the apostles were shaken, but only one of them abandoned Christ. They withstood the severe test.

It was a severe test also for the early Christians. St. Paul tells us that when he and his co-workers preached the doctrine of a crucified God, the Jews (many of them) found it too hard to believe, and the Greeks thought it was sheer folly. Yet many Jews and many Greeks came to believe, and the Church grew from strength to strength.

But Jesus also meant another kind of death. He



referred to the trials of life. Sickness, disappointment, betrayals, injustices, these are a kind of death, a death itself. These trials are inevitable in a Christian life. St. Paul was speaking of them when he said, "I die daily" When these deaths to self are all accepted in faith they become part of the paschal mystery.

Mary Smith whom we mourn today, has come to the end of her pilgrimage. She died in Christ a few days ago and now awaits the general resurrection. From the day of her baptism (more than 80 years ago) she died daily in the exercise of her Catholic faith, and in her call to the Christian life. She renounced the natural joy of living in her native Ireland, and as a young girl faced the rigors of an Atlantic crossing 67 years ago, and the uncertainties of life in a strange land. There is not one Basilian alive today who was a Basilian when she came. She has outlived many Basilians whom she came to know, and has remembered them daily in her prayers and good works until the end.

She is to be buried in the Basilian plot in



Holy Cross cemetery as one who was a Basilian co-worker in creating the modern St. Michael's College, and St. Basil's Church as we know them today. She will be remembered in countless Masses as the years go on. Her name was Mary, and inevitably she had a special devotion to Our Lady. Who could count the rosaries she said? We can, therefore, be confident that the Queen of Heaven will see to it that Mary Smith does not linger in the vestibule of heaven. May she rest in the peace of the risen Christ. Amen!

(Sermon preached at the funeral of Miss Mary Smith in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, September 14, 1973, by Father Edmund J. McCorkell. Mary Smith came to work at St. Michael's College on July 3 (her own statement) 1906 (treasurer's records) and continued until sixty years later when in 1966 a failing memory made it impossible for her to continue as chief telephone operator. Father McCorkell came to St. Michael's College as a student in 1907.) Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript)



"You have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you; and have appointed you, that you should go, and bring forth fruit; and your fruit should remain." John 15, 9.

These words were spoken by Our Lord Jesus Christ to His first priests, the apostles, in His instructions to them after the Last Supper.

In late August, 1916, a tall, sturdy, vigorous young man, a recent graduate of St. Thomas College, Chatham, New Brunswick, arrived in Toronto at St. Basil's Novitiate with the intention of embracing the vocation to the religious life and the priesthood. He had chosen the Community of his priest teachers at St. Thomas, the Congregation of the Priests of St. Basil, and was the first of quite a number of men from the Maritimes who became a Basilian. A year later he pronounced his first vows as a Basilian. University and theological studies followed and he was ordained to the priesthood on December 22, 1923, in the chapel of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, by the late Bishop Alexander MacDonald. The following June he was awarded his B.A. degree in Honors





Science from the University of Toronto and the following September joined the faculty of Assumption College, Windsor, and began a distinguished career as a teacher, an administrator, but especially as a priestly leader and pastor. The subject of this brief sketch, is of course, our jubilarian, Father Thomas A. MacDonald.

Since he will be observing his golden anniversary in his home parish in his beloved New Brunswick on Christmas Day, the jubilee is being anticipated here today in Newman Chapel and we are all joining with him in this Mass of thanksgiving. Two of the concelebrants, Fathers Berthold Morrissey and Leonard Rush, were classmates of Father MacDonald and observed their anniversaries earlier this year. Father Robert Lowrey and Father Carlisle LeBel were with our jubilarian in the Novitiate. It is most fitting that the jubilee be observed here in Toronto where Father MacDonald has labored in the sacred ministry for some 33 years and most fitting likewise here at Newman where almost half those years in Toronto were devoted to the Newman Foundation, the Alumni



Group and many members of the Faculty and students on the campus

During his priestly career, Father MacDonald has on several occasions taken on the task of a trouble-shooter, usually in financial crises, and he vigorously and neatly settled matters. However, I shall pass from material affairs to emphasize the sublime role of all priests. St. Paul in the Letter to the Hebrews which we have just heard summarizes the priesthood. His words bear repeating:

"Every high priest has been taken out of mankind and is appointed to act for men in their relations with God, to offer gifts and sacrifices for sins; and so he can sympathize with those who are ignorant or uncertain because he too lives in the limitation of weakness. That is why he has to make sin offerings for himself as well as for the people. No one takes this honor on himself but each is called by God."

When we consider the many years that our jubilarian has devoted to his sublime task as "another Christ" we have indeed reason for joy. While the priest performs many of his duties in public, the effect of the divine graces he dispenses are for the most part hidden. This is particularly true in the sacrament of penance,



in spiritual guidance, in attention to the sick, the poor and the afflicted. The reason that these benefits are often veiled, like the Blessed Eucharist in the tabernacle, is because they are spiritual gifts. Were we priests given the full picture of these gifts, we would be awed into inactivity or fall victim to pride.

Father MacDonald has performed these priestly duties for half a century. We rejoice with him on this very happy occasion and join with him in thanking Almighty God for the privilege of serving Him so faithfully and so long. We wish him further fruitful years in the days ahead. May God be with him!

Sermon preached by Father J. Francis Mallon, C.S.B., at a Mass of Thanksgiving offered by Father T.A. MacDonald in St. Thomas Aquinas Chapel, Newman Centre, Toronto, at 4:30 p.m. on Saturday, October 27, 1973. Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript.)



Your Excellency, Bishop Nold; Father [James] Hanrahan; my brother priests; friends and students of Father Duggan. I invite you to consider with me the powerful, the consoling, the unbelievably rewarding words of Christ, whose of God's prophet Isaiah, and those of St. John — all of which we have heard in the readings of this celebration of Father Duggan's glorification. We heard that Jesus, a few days before his death, said, "The hour has come for the Son of Man to be glorified". And he also said, "Where I am, there will my servant be." According to this promise of the Master (who is glorified) his servants are also to exist in that state of glory which comes only after we have endured the stage of our existence which is beset by physical pain, by mental anguish, by frustration, by anxiety, by the thousand ills that flesh is heir to. According to this promise of the Master (who is glorified) his servants are also to exist in that state of glory which offers rest from all our travels through the wasteland of human existence. Oh yes, this life has its joys, its tears of happiness, its share of exhilarating moments, its triumphs of





love. But compared to the glory of union with God, compared to the ecstasy of glorification in the heavenly kingdom, compared to the peace of resting in the final embrace of divine love, our existence in this life is but an imitation of splendor, and a rather poor one at that. Yes, according to Christ's promise, his servants are to be glorified with him. "Where I am, there will my servant be."

And Father Duggan, in his sixty-three years of earthly existence, was a servant of Christ. When he entered the Basilian Novitiate in 1931 he knew, as did all of us here who went through that introduction to religious community life, that he was embarking on a life to be used in serving Christ. When he participated in the awesome moment of priestly ordination, Father Duggan knew that the claim of Christ on his services was strong. When he faced students in the classroom or over the principal's desk in Rochester, Gary or Houston, he knew that his service to Christ consisted in bringing his Master's love to the youth who were learning to respond to love. Father Duggan knew



that he was — throughout his priesthood — saying, in effect, to his students and others with whom he came in contact those words of Isaiah: "Behold our God, to Whom we looked to save us. This is the Lord for whom we looked; let us rejoice and be glad that He has saved us."

Because he knew these things and acted on them, Father Duggan was a servant of Christ, and so today is glorified with Christ. We are, indeed, celebrating Father Bill Duggan's glorification. we WILL miss him. But let us forget our pain of loss, and rejoice with him in his glorification.

I do not say these things about a person who is a figment of imagination, who is an idealized representation of what a priest should be. I say these things about Bill Duggan, a loving, dedicated servant of God. Anyone who knew him well knew that he agonized over his service to others. He wanted to help that boy who was having trouble with his history lessons, or one who was in trouble because he couldn't seem to measure up to the intellectual or disciplinary standards we teachers sometime seem to use



as the be-all and the end-all of existence. He wanted to help this religious community he so deeply loved come to terms with itself. Perhaps it was obvious or the intuitive recognition by his confreres at St. Thomas High School that he possessed a strong dedication to and deep love for his religious community that led them to elect him as one of their representatives at the important General Chapter last summer. Father Bill Duggan's love for his religious community is a challenge to all of us. It is a challenge to us as Christians, to many of us as priests, to some of us as Basilians. It is a challenge to keep working hard at our labors for Christ. For he never stopped applying his intelligence and his imagination to the ticklish problems that plague us in the secular political, in the ecclesiastical, and in the religious community realms. Although his body was eventually slowed after several surgical operations of various types, he never ceased to work as hard as he could at his job as a priest-educator. The words of the Book of Revelation — words we heard a few moments ago — are reassuring



to us: "They shall find rest from their labors, for their good works accompany them."

I am sure that Father Duggan would request that when we are praying for his soul, we seek the intercession of the Blessed Virgin Mary. His devotion to her was well known. He would wish us to repeat with him, even now, "Pray for us sinners, now and at the hours of our death."

And we do pray for the soul of Father Bill Duggan, here at the celebration of his glorification; here at the Mass in which we pray not only for him, but also for his brother and sisters, who will be at another funeral Mass for him in Rochester, New York, where he will be buried. We pray, too, for each other that we also will one day find the words of the prophet Isaiah appropriate for us, as we here find them so fitting for Father Duggan: "This is the Lord for whom we looked; let us rejoice and be glad that he has saved us."

(Homily preached by Father Walter Scott at a Funeral Mass for Father William Duggan in St. Anne's Church, Houston, December 4, 1973.

Transcribed from a copy in the General Archives of the Basilian Fathers. Scripture readings at the Funeral Mass were: Isaiah 25, 6a, 7-9; Revelation 14, 13; John 12, 23-28)





Today I am privileged to speak at this celebration of the Eucharist for Father Viator McIntyre — to speak to his relatives and friends and my confreres of a man we knew well and loved dearly.

There are here those who knew him better than I, even if only because they knew him longer. And I am here because Father Dave Bauer was not able to be here. I have a letter from him that I will read in a few minutes.

Yesterday I went to the library of the University of St. Michael's College to look at the *Thurible*, the St. Michael's Year Book, for the years when Father McIntyre was Principal of St. Michael's College School, 1936-1945. Many of you are aware that in 1940 mainly through the efforts of Father McIntyre the yearbooks of the College and High School, which had been combined, were published separately. I was sure that I could find in that 1940 year book a message from the principal that would help me get started in this talk this morning. I have many, many times perused that 1940 year book. Yesterday was the first time that I noticed there was no Principal's



message — in fact, there wasn't even a picture of the principal. In the following four years we get his picture — but we never did get the message.

This of course is not surprising to those who knew Father. It was typical; he was a man of few words. His work and his life was his message. And to all, students and staff alike the message came through, loud and clear.

My own witness goes back only to the last half of that life dedicated to God's service. I first met Father McIntyre 35 years ago when he was principal of St. Michael's College School, and even then I felt I was meeting a legend. It is true that my world was rather small at that time and the principal stands tall for any grade nine student but the legend was not mine but was given to me by my four older brothers all of whom had been taught and coached and "principaled" by him. He was an exceptional teacher and coach. The rating on the former was made by his students and the latter by his players, opponents and the press. He was recognized as the best coach of young football players in the entire country and



in fact was chosen as 'all-star' coach for the all star Junior Ontario Rugby and Football Union in 1935. I don't know if it makes any sense to say he was an exceptional principal. But he was certainly a good one who was an exceptional leader of men.

Over the years my horizons broadened but the legend never lost its lustre for me and thousands of other St. Michael's students. The McIntyres, Vi and Johnny left their mark on St. Mikes. They typified and embodied what is the very best of Basilian tradition in working with youth. They were just what St. Paul had in mind when he said in the reading today to Timothy, "You have heard everything that I teach, hand it on to reliable people so that they in turn will be able to teach others."

One simple measure of the effect Father Mac had on boys is the number of priests that came from St. Michael's during his ten years as principal. It was a rather small school then. By my quick count yesterday in 1940 alone there were 29 who became priests. To a man they saw in their principal an ideal to be emulated. And this number is multiplied many times to include those



who left the school better young men for his guidance, teaching and leadership.

When he accepted a move into parish work in 1946 I felt that he had exhausted himself from overwork, but later I began to realize that the way that he taught and coached and related to student, his style, demanded a vigour that belongs only to youth. He had twenty years more of work and he brought to the parishes he served dedication, faithfulness, consideration and that unique brand of distilled wisdom that his students knew so well.

He was no stranger to human weakness and ill health. He fought these battles as we all do. But withall he remained an inspirational person. His declining years in Amherstburg, Windsor and Toronto were a real agony for him, which he accepted with the same toughness he showed in his prime, and always with that smile just below the surface. The legend kept his lustre right to the end. Only those who knew the heart of the man could know what these days of inactivity and suffering must have cost him. He could accept them with grace because of the faith he lived by.





He struggled to concelebrate Mass when able. When he could no longer do this he frequently asked for Mass to be said in his room. Finally, there was the Eucharist alone and his ever present Rosary. It became difficult for him to talk. He suffered in silence and prayer. In the words of the second reading, "God put him to the test and found him worthy to be with him."

We recall then a great person, a great leader, a good confrere, a good priest, a loving brother, and the life of the man speaks to us of his faith. He gave all he had for God and his fellow man as well as he could. And this is what he challenged all of us to do.

For me the legend lives on, living in his reward and reminding me to pursue my ideals, with a deepend awareness that his life brought me, that pursuing the ideals of Christ is not easy. We are followers of a suffering and crucified Lord who gave us his word, his word that we hope in, and in faith and hope we try to be worthy of those who show us the way.

The following is the letter received from Father Bauer yesterday: (This letter was dictated by Father Bauer over the phone to Father P.W. Platt)



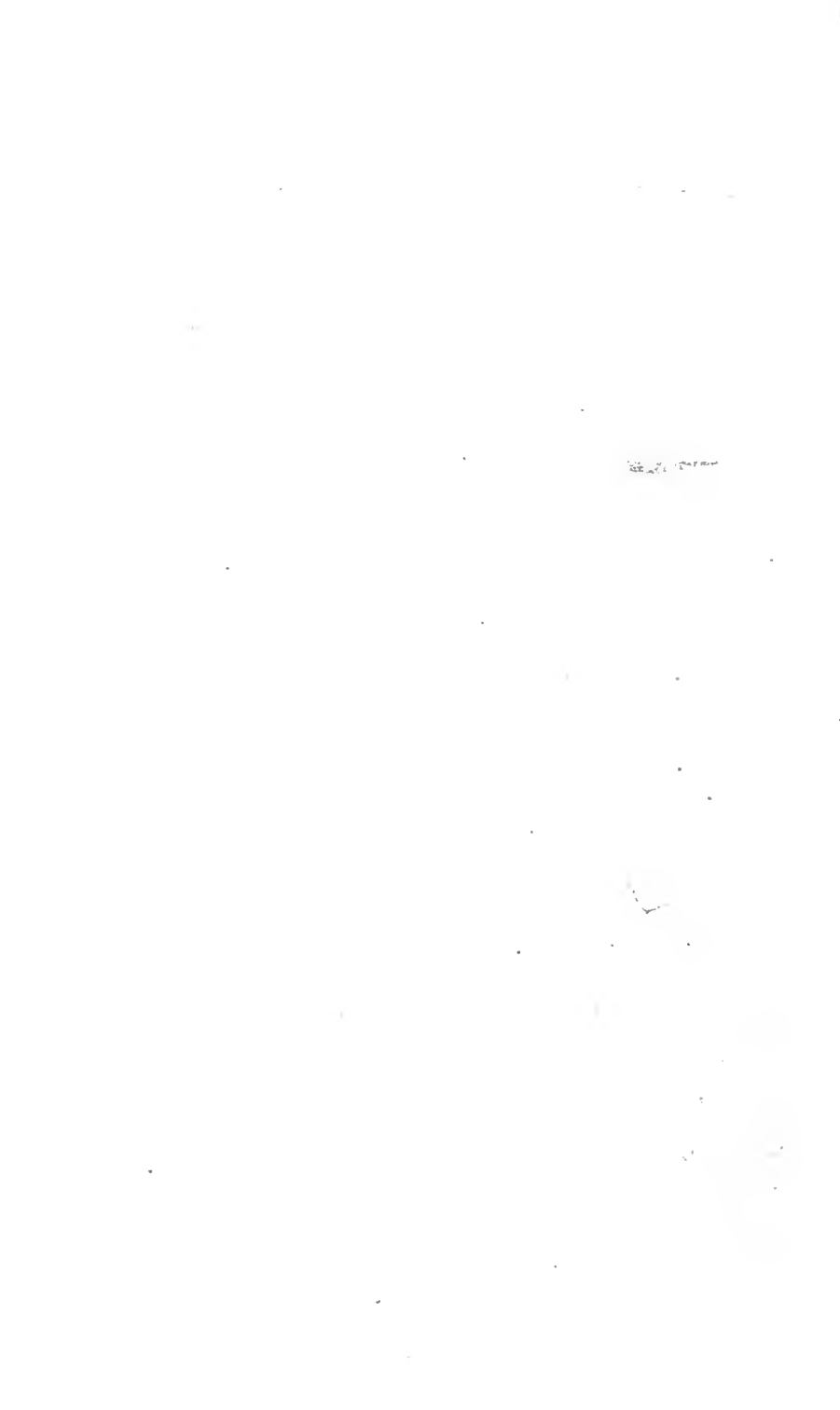
St. Mark's College  
Vancouver  
January 30, 1974

Very Reverend T. James Hanrahan, C.S.B.  
Superior General  
20 Humewood Drive  
Toronto, Ont. M6C 2W2

Dear Father Hanrahan,

When Father Platt called me a few minutes ago to inform me of Father McIntyre's death I was saddened and happy to hear this news. Saddened because a great and dedicated Basilian has been taken from among us. Happy because he has been taken to his reward after a long period of suffering. I was saddened also because I will not be able to attend the Funeral Mass to compare notes with so many Basilians who loved Vi so dearly. I for one owe so much to Father McIntyre. I am sure that many priests and laymen can say the same. I think it is true to say that I would not be a priest or a Basilian if it had not been for so many hours Father McIntyre patiently devoted to me during a very difficult period in my life. In so doing he did what so many Basilians had done and still do for so many young people, and old as well. I deeply regret missing the opportunity of sharing with the friends of Father McIntyre our sorrow at his death, the gifts that he has given us and the hope for his life and for our own that the Eucharist celebrates and effects for all of us.

I especially would like to express the community I feel with the friends of mine who also knew Father McIntyre. I am thinking particularly of the Old Boys of the Forties. I would like to assure them that I believe my own absence is due



to a care for all that Father McIntyre taught and represented to me. It is due to commitments to people that call me away even from this continent at this time. I regret that the time of my departure could not be delayed so that I could be with you all in remembering and praying for Father McIntyre and one another. At the same time I welcome this small means as a way of expressing to all of you that I will be with you in faith and spirit trusting in the power of Christ to draw and keep us all with himself.

Sincerely yours in Christ,

David W. Bauer

To his sisters and relatives we extend our sympathy but the faith you have is your real strength. I know that McIntyre faith, that faith which gave V.I. his name, Viator. The name is an ancient Christian name and means "one who is making a journey", a way-farer through the passing things of this world — whose goal is reached at the end of this earthly sojourn. Viator has finished his journey and rests in the peace of his Lord.

(Homily preached By Father Edward McLean in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, February 2, 1974. Transcribed from a copy of the preacher's manuscript in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)



There are three sentences in the readings we have just heard that say a great deal about Father Paul Mallon. The first is from the reading of St. Paul to the Romans: "The life and death of each of us has its influence on others; if we live, we live for the Lord; and if we die, we die for the Lord."

Certainly, Paul Mallon's life had its influence on others, and was influenced by them. At the beginning there was his family. Besides his father and mother, this included his four brothers and two sisters. His parents, his brother Charles, and sister Ellen have died before him. His sister Katherine, his brothers, Francis, Hugh and Gregory are here today. They know that he lived for the Lord and died for the Lord, and that his life and death have influenced them. They were the first to love and influence Paul Mallon, the first to be influenced by his life and his death. But not the last. Certainly not the last, for the Mallon family was deeply rooted in the life of this city. Their circle of relatives and friends was unusually broad. And through that circle the life and death of Paul Mallon has had its influence.





But most of all, the Mallons were a Catholic family. And so the infant Paul was brought to this church, to St. Basil's, to be baptized by Father Laurence Brennan, to have his life and death joined to those of Christ. Baptized in Christ Jesus, he was baptized in his death, went into the tomb with Him and joined Him in death so that as Christ was raised from the dead, he too might live a new life. (Rom. 6:3-4) And as he lived that life as a boy, growing up in Holy Rosary Parish, as he received a Catholic education and came to be a man, he reflected that "if one man has died for us all, then all men should be dead", and that "the reason he died for all was so that living men should live no longer for themselves, but for Him who died and was raised to life for them." And as he reflected on this "the love of Christ overwhelmed" him (II Cor. 5:14-15). So that he might live even more for the Lord he asked, after his graduation from Arts in St. Michael's College in 1921, for admission to the Basilian Fathers' Novitiate.

I suppose that to most of those who came to know Paul Mallon in later years the first adjective



to spring to their tongue were they asked to describe him would not be "adenturous". Yet, to enter the Basilians in 1921 was to undertake and adventure and his life in the Basilians was to be filled with new beginnings. The Community had been through difficult times and was facing hard changes, the results of which were impossible to predict. But Paul Mallon was looking not for security but for a chance to serve others. Typically, at the same time he was careful not to let his act cause trouble for anyone; he had taken a job with a steamship company after graduation and he asked to have his entry into the Novitiate delayed until late September so as not to have to leave the office shorthanded during their busy season.

He entered the Novitiate, completed it and took his first vows as a Basilian in October 1922. He was assigned to teach at St. Michael's for a year before taking his theology for the next three years at St. Basil's Seminary. He was ordained priest in 1926.

In that same year his younger brother Hugh followed him to the Novitiate. A few years later



came Greg and Frank. Paul had not so much left his family when he came to the Basilians; instead he brought the two together, as they were to remain.

After anothe year at St. Michael's, spent in completing his theological studies and taking the program of the Ontario College of Education, the young priest was assigned in 1927 as one of the first group of five Basilians sent to teach in Rochester, New York. The Basilians were to teach there in a high school run by the diocese. It was another adventure, in a situation quite unlike those to which Basilians were accustomed. It did not prove a permanent arrangement and after five years it was given up, but it would have future effects.

Then, after a year back at St. Michael's, Paul Mallon was named the first superior of the Basilians sent to run St. Mary's Boys School in Calgary, Alberta. This was again a step into a remote and difficult position, the Basilians first foundation in Western Canada, their first school operated by a public board. The fortieth



anniversary of that undertaking is being celebrated this year, and Father Mallon had intended to be in Calgary this coming weekend to take part.

After four years in Calgary, a new Basilian effort was made in Rochester, when the Community returned there, this time to take charge of the school, Aquinas Institute. This was a major undertaking with a staff of nineteen men appointed that first year. Father Mallon was named assistant superior.

Besides his high-school teaching, however, he was also pursuing further studies in French, having received his M.A. in 1925. In 1939-40 he was given one year off to study at Laval University. Then it was back to Rochester and the arduous task of completing a doctoral program while teaching a full high school schedule. In 1942 he completed his work and received his Ph.D. in French from Laval.

In that year, therefore, he was transferred once again. This time it was to St. Thomas More College in the University of Saskatchewan, in Saskatoon. This was not exactly a new venture





— Fathers Leonard Rush and Gerald Anglin had first gone there some six years before — but Father Mallon went there with Father Henry Carr who had just finished his term as Superior General, and Father Joe McGahey and to work with those two men was certainly an adventure.

There Paul Mallon found a new home. He was to stay there for twenty-eight years. He taught French, served as Registrar and worked with generations of students as the College grew and prospered. There his life in and for his Lord influenced many, many others.

The meaning of that work can, I think, be summed up in a second sentence from the readings, that from the prophet Daniel: "The learned will shine as brightly as the vault of heaven, and those who have instructed many in virtue, as bright as stars for all eternity." That sentence is one which has always given hope to Basilian teachers — it was cited as such at the very beginning of the Community — but there have been few if any to whom it could be more aptly applied than to Father Paul Mallon at St. Thomas More. Learned he was, but most of all he instructed many in virtue.



And the final sentence is from the Gospel: "Happy those servants whom the Master finds awake when he comes." Paul Mallon lived by that. He continued at his work in Saskatoon until well past the retirement age. When he was seventy years old he asked to be appointed to the Basilian school in France, in Annonay, where the Community was founded. There his knowledge of French could be of help and he could tutor students in English and Italian as well as developing an interest in Basilian history. He stayed there, despite a serious bout of illness shortly after his arrival, for three years. This past year he was assigned to St. Basil's College. But still, at 73, he was awake to that teaching of Christ and the Church he had followed all his life and in which he was still finding new inspiration, awake to the service of others, awake to the life of the Basilian Community, especially in its young members, and to the joy of living close to his family again. And then, suddenly, the Master came, and found him awake and at prayer.

These sentences then speak to us today of Father Paul Mallon. Or rather through them, through



the word of God he loved and lived he still speaks to us and teaches us:

"The life and death of each of us has its influence on others; if we live, we live for the Lord, and if we die, we die for the Lord."

"The learned will shine as brightly as the vault of heaven, and those who have instructed many in virtue, as bright as stars for all eternity."

"Happy those servants whom the Master finds awake when he comes."

(Homily preached in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, on February 13, 1974, by Father James Hanrahan at the Funeral of Father Paul Mallon. Transcribed from a copy of the preacher's typescript in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers)



We are gathered to look for a few moments at the life — and death — of Father Edward Allor, and to celebrate the Eucharist for him and for ourselves.

The parable of the talents — the servants given different sums to invest by their master — and St. Paul's teaching on the variety of gifts, give us a certain license to think of God our Father and Creator as being something like an author — perhaps a dramatist — who gives his characters certain qualities and then put them into situations comic, tragic, or heroic, as the case may be.

Father Allor had certain striking characteristics, probably from his boyhood.

He was a man of great determination, not one to be put off by any amount of effort, mental or physical, required of him. This made him a demanding man, both on himself, and, on occasion, on others.

He was at the same time a born "fixer" — very good at making things or mending them, and taking special satisfaction out of accomplishments in this line. This made him a very useful man. He





had, one might add, the common sense and "reflective" capacity of the "fixer". Even in the Infirmary he really liked to think things over and come up with a solution.

He applied the same qualities to his health. He was not a hypochondriac (one who worries without cause about his health — he certainly had things to worry about) but he found it hard to see why anything wrong with him could not be fixed.

He had another gift, the gift of Faith, so deep that one could only see the little bit that showed or that he chose to reveal — like the tip of the iceberg — but so strong that it could carry him through any situation; so strong that it could be shared with others all through his life.

It must have been some evidence of this faith that made Father Francis Van Antwerp in Detroit see his potential when he was 23 years old and working at Ford's (quite successfully, as far as that went). Father Van Antwerp took him over to Assumption College early in 1914 where he went back to school with high school boys ten years younger than he was. He had the idea of the



priesthood in mind, though only in a very general way. One of the priests at Assumption asked him in 1917, "Did you ever think of becoming a Basilian?" His reply was, "No, but I will" (meaning, "I will think of it"). He went away and thought it over, and the following September he was in the Novitiate in Toronto. The year after that he was back in Windsor to finish his Arts course. During that year he did some teaching, having in his class among others his future confrere, Father Viator McIntyre.

He was ordained in 1923. The Lord who had given him the qualities and abilities mentioned above put these gifts early to the test. He developed eye trouble even before his ordination. This was eventually diagnosed as "photophobia", a sensitivity to light that made bright light and even slightly extended reading very painful to him. For most of his priestly life he was unable to say Office. This was the condition that led to the dark glasses and the green eye-shade so familiar to his friends.

In spite of this limitation, or perhaps at least partially because of it, he became a quite ex-



ceptional preacher. What distinguished his sermons was their thorough preparation, the aptness of his illustrations, and most of all the authority with which he spoke, authority springing from his deep faith in the truths he taught, and his faith too in the practical value of those truths. The same qualities made him an excellent instructor in the Faith, and many of his converts will remember with gratitude how well he imbued them with his own spirit of faith.

He did parish work for 45 years, in Windsor, Amherstburg, Detroit, and Toronto. He was Pastor at Assumption Parish in Windsor for 11 years, from 1926 to 1937 (all through the depression), and at St. Anne's in Detroit from 1937 to 1942. The rest of the time he was an assistant — from 1946 to 1954 here in Toronto — always reliable and very hard working. He made himself a useful man.

He worked up to his eighties, but dogged more and more by ill health. He had dreamt of an old age when he could retire but continue at least to hear confessions, but his eyes continued to give him trouble; he became increasingly deaf;



and hardly any part of his body was free from infirmity of one kind or another. It almost looks as if the Lord was trying to see what else he could do to make him give up. With all his physical ailments he began to experience in the last few years increasing nervous tension. He had fierce continual headaches, and while these were allayed after having all his (badly infected) teeth out last April, a problem then arose about his sense of taste, making all food unpleasant to his taste and making him pay even for talking by the soreness and distress that would follow.

So much for his health; he also had to give up "home" — moving from the rectory at Amherstburg to Villa Maria in Windsor, where he was still however close to his friends and family and to his room and his things at the Amherstburg rectory. Then he became too ill to remain there, and had to move up here to a small room in the Infirmary.

All his life a strong family man, he had to see less of his family and even when he saw them, he could not talk without great difficulty. All his life a strong community man, he had to





give that up too; he found it so hard to move around, to see and hear, even to sit still, that there was no way he could join his confreres. He knew that this lack of social life made the nervous tension worse, but there was nothing to be done about it. It could not be fixed.

In this predicament, that looked so much like deterioration and decline, he waged his own silent battle against self-pity. I think these last years were really the crown of his life. He could not say Mass, could not even go to Mass, but he was faithful to the Eucharist and to his Rosary. He had very little of the appearance of piety, but he was unquestionably a man of faith.

One might wonder if this was not just his natural determination; and that must have helped a little. But even his determination would not have been able to cope by itself with his catalogue of infirmities. He knew perfectly well what he had to do, and why: it was whatever the Lord asked of him, and the reason why was because he had dedicated himself to the Lord.



Two weeks ago he asked the nurse in the Infirmary where Father Vi McIntyre was laid out. She told him, or wrote it down for him to read, and then he wrote, "I taught him when he was 15. He was a fine lad. He has well earned the happiness of heaven." He never, or hardly ever, spoke to Father McIntyre in the Infirmary; there was no way they could ever talk to each other. But he used to sit outside his door when he paused after walking down the corridor, and he was observant enough to see that others (and not only Father McIntyre) were as afflicted as he was.

That it was the grace of God rather than simple determination, and that he was fighting a battle rather than just surviving, showed in other ways: his patience for example, when things were not done as efficiently as he would naturally have preferred; his obedience to doctors, nurses, or anyone with the right to give orders; even in complaining or criticizing, his constant effort to be reasonable; the way he would reflect and say nothing, when nothing could be done; and finally his courtesy and pastoral generosity in



giving time to visitors — or to me — even when he knew he would suffer from the effort later.

His was a long struggle, and he would not want his faults overlooked at a time like this. We pray therefore that Our Lord will forgive all these, and that the Lord will speedily say of him what he himself said of Father McIntyre, "He has well earned the happiness of heaven."

(Homily preached by Father Frederick Black in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, February 16, 1974, at the funeral Mass of Father Edward Allor. Transcribed from a copy of the preacher's typescript in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)



This genealogy of Father Allor's father, Isidore, was prepared for Father Allor and given by him to his nephew Mr. Robert Allor.

Genealogy of Isidore Jacques Allard

- (1) Jacques Allard arrived in Quebec in 1621 and married Jacqueline Frerct.
- (2) Their son, Francis Allard, born in 1637, married in Quebec on Nov. 1, 1671, Jeanne Anguille.
- (3) Their son, Jean Allard, born in Quebec Feb. 22, 1676, married in Charlesbourg, P.Q. on Feb. 23, 1705 to Anne Elizabeth Pageot.
- (4) Their sone, Pierre Allard, born in Charlesbourg May 1, 1716, married there on Nov. 5, 1743 to Marie Angelique Bergevin.
- (5) Their son, Jacques Allard, born in Charlesbourg Oct. 14, 1745, came to Detroit in 1774 and married there on Feb. 7, 1780 to Marie Genevieve Laforest.
- (6) Their son, Joseph Allard, born in Detroit July 29, 1795, married there on Oct. 5, 1818 to Madeline Tremblay.
- (7) Their son, Jacques Allard, born in L'Anse Creuse in 1832, married there to Marine Freton on Feb. 28, 1854. (Marine was the daughter of Hubert Freton and Genevieve Peltier)
- (8) Their son, Isidore Jacques, born Aug. 24, 1856, and baptized in Mt. Clemens Sept. 13, 1856, married Marie Freton in 1882.





- (9) Their son, Edward William Allor was born April 30, 1890.

L'Anse Creuse, where the family farm was, is still the name of a school district near Mt. Clemens, Michigan, a suburb of Detroit.

(Transcribed from a copy in the possession of Father Frederick Black)



"So death will come to fetch you? No, not death, but God Himself. Death is not the horrible spectre we see represented in pictures. The catechism teaches that death is the separation of the soul from the body - that is all. I am not afraid of a separation which will unite me forever with God." St. Thérèse of Lisieux, from Counsels and Memories.

Death does not happen in a single moment for us Christians. Death is with us all during our lives. Each of us must face the fact that he must die. We often reflect on what our death will mean to us. In fact, we cannot avoid death when it claims those we know and love. And like the seed which dies in the ground, we also experience a kind of death with every limitation to our freedom - every restriction of space, each shortage of time, all the partings and separations, the distances between persons who love one another - all these are part of the death of a Christian. To see death as a part of living is not a punishment. Rather it is a gift to the Christian from the Risen Christ. Since we live in Him, we also accept dying as a part of that experience. Jesus is Lord of the Living and the Master of Death. He changed man's



defeat into his own victory. Now it can be reported that those who believe can handle the terror and the darkness of death forever. With the Resurrection, suffering and death make some sense. Now living becomes vibrant and full of meaning. With the author of the Book of Wisdom we believe, "the souls of believers who die are in the hands of God and they are at peace."

We find living easy to talk about because it is a good experience; but when we experience life, we are also acutely aware of the presence of death - at least by contrast. Dying is measured by living. Dying is also something final, and a problem we still have not solved. It is painful because we usually know it through someone else close to us. No longer can we share with each other in the same loving way. When deaths are reported by the media, the reality of the loss hardly reaches us all. Only when someone close to us dies are we brought to a halt by the shock. We feel empty and drained. The person who once filled our lives by his loving presence is gone. We weep for our own loss. No longer is our life as full



or as complete - because someone's love and life has suddenly been withdrawn. The pain of death really belongs to the person who lives, the one who is left behind. The person who died has already experienced death. No words can really express what a person was like during his life. No one is exactly like the person who died. No one can feel like him. No one can love like him. No one can be a friend and a brother exactly like him. The mystery which is the human person cannot be duplicated. God made him what he is - unique, precious, beautiful, and mysterious. Father Bill Duggan, man, brother, Christian, Basilian, and priest is just such a person.

There are several reasons why a person should reflect on his approaching death. First, we think about being together again with those who have already passed through death. Some of us think of dying as an escape from living. Although we enjoy living, the thought of what our own death means slowly takes over from our other thoughts. We think about those who love us and we wonder about those who will miss us when we die. The more we think about dying, the





more we find new reasons for living. The tension increases and becomes painful when we realize that we want both to live and to die. It is difficult to reconcile these two desires until we realize that both are part of the same picture. Death is indeed part of life and it begins a new relationship for us. The act of dying is the "breathing space" between two lives that are really one. This is the meaning of the Resurrection. As Paul tells Timothy,

For if we have died with Him, we shall also live with Him.

Father Bill Duggan died last Saturday in Houston. Father Bill labored all his Basilian and priestly life for the cause of Christian education, serving as Principal of Aquinas Institute for six years. He also served in Houston, Gary, Windsor, and Toronto. Father Bill spent his early years in Wellsville, New York. To his brother, Cornelius, and his sisters, Mrs. Catherine Calladine, and Sister Mary Dionysius, nephews and nieces and other relatives, we offer our condolences for their loss. We thank them now for sharing their brother with the Basilian



Community to be our brother too. One of Father Bill's memorable qualities was his generosity and his cheerfulness. We remember him as a friendly, kind, and compassionate man. He always showed a genuine interest in people, especially his brother Basilians and their families, the students he knew during his years of service as Administrator and Teacher, and their parents. He was an inspiring teacher of United States history, and he was also extremely interested in politics and national affairs.

As John says in his gospel,

May he now be glorified with the Son of Man because his seed has indeed yeilded a rich harvest.

Jesus died in a dramatic way - on a cross, covered with spittle, between thieves, crowned with thorns, with his mother and a small group of faithful friends close by. Those who loved him felt the agony and the separation which death brings. Jesus was gone. There was no one to replace him. Then with far less drama; with much more impact, Jesus was back with them again. Their ne relationship with him in his risen life assured the beginning of his church. The Resurrection made



this possible. And all the loving relationships men have with one another would go on and they would happen even more often. The Resurrection of the Lord assured that, too, it was now possible to have love fulfilled. They, his followers, were deeply moved by the experience of the Risen Christ. Death was no longer a problem for them. Because Christ died, death now has the same dignity as life. Death now insures our future. The plans made by man would live forever because man's future is now without limit. The reward for dying is life—more life, new life, renewed life, resurrected life.

The Christian also has hope in the face of death, even though Christian hope does not remove all the feelings of abandonment and loss from his life. The spirit of a Christian so controls his life that now he can overcome those lonely feelings. The appearances of the Risen Christ and his words of peace to His friends are expressions of Christian hope. But the peace and the joy that Jesus gives us is more than just a wish. It is more like the promise of the spirit working in our lives. This action gradually



brings us to fullness and maturity. And hope is more than just a feeling. It is an attitude into which we grow. We find it in prayer and in listening to the words and to the promises of Jesus. We grasp by action, by letting his words guide us in what we do. We accept it in the gospel and in the light of Jesus, because he gives our faith light and direction. We have hope because the good news of Jesus Christ gives us strength and confidence. Father Bill Duggan was a man of hope - and he gave hope to those he knew because he believed in the good news. For this we are thankful.

At each Eucharist, we Christians celebrate the life of the community of believers. Father Bill Duggan was a man of prayer, and he celebrated life in the Eucharist hundreds of times in his life. In a sense, we are looking forward with hope to the promise of our own death. We are excited about a future made real by more life. We are delighted about the joy of a fuller relationship. No longer are we concerned about the physical act of death. It takes only a few seconds. To all of us who believe, dying means





future and hope and the way to new life. We share with each other in the joy of the life we celebrate today. And we pledge to live this more fully. Finally, we discover that Christianity means "living our life" so that we can share in a more complete life.

#### THE POET SPEAKS

How much living have you done?  
From it the patterns that you weave are imaged:  
Your own life is your totem pole,  
Your yard of cloth,  
Your living.

How much loving have you done?  
How full and free your giving?  
For living is but loving,  
And loving is only giving.

Georgina Douglas Johnson.

(Transcribed from a copy of the preacher's manuscript in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto. Sermon preached by Father Peter Beaton at the funeral of Father William Duggan in Holy Rosary Church, Rochester, N.Y., on December 6, 1973)



In the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit. Amen.

Before I begin to speak on this occasion I would like to offer not just my sincere sympathy to the members of the family and the relatives of Father Kennedy, but I know I'm expressing the sentiments of all the Basilian Fathers - those present and those who are not able to be here tonight - when I say that we are very very sorry, and I know that you will miss him, so will we. I'm not sorry for him; I am sorry for you; I'm sorry for me; I'm sorry for the Basilian Fathers, because we'll miss him so. For him, I'm happy. God has blessed him with a beautiful death - after a tremendous life.

There are many things I could tell about Father Kennedy that I don't think are important enough at this time. I don't think it is important to say he was born in Kinkora, Ontario, or that he was 75 years of age; but possibly that he was 49 plus years a priest. These are statistics that will be entered in the archives to become the history of the Basilians. What is important I will mention, and that: What did he do with



his life? How did he fulfil the commandments of God? How did he act toward God and his fellowman? You know, if I were asked, without being prepared, by someone who never saw Father Kennedy, if I were asked: "What was he like?" I think that I would say, and I think most people would say: "Well he is a man of great dignity. He talks with dignity - walks with dignity. There is nothing ugly, and no vulgarity in his whole nature." I think I'd say that he is a quiet man, and seemingly a little shy; and that would be my first impression. But if you gave me time, it would be something altogether different. He had many, many virtues, but if I were to say that two qualities he did have that were Father Vin Kennedy, I would have to say: "Wisdom and Charity." I think I can honestly say that, at least outside of the classroom, I don't know anybody who taught me more than Father Kennedy. We were in two different leagues - I recognize that! He was a very profound man - and recognized as a great man - intellectually he was a giant among men - but I had the opportunity of spending six years in his company when I was serving with him on the



Council and I observed hi, and I had many chances to talk to him and ask him things that I would be embarrassed to ask others - possibly because I would be showing my ignorance on certain subjects. But with him it was just another question, and he could explain a profound truth in the simplest of language.

I can remember that we would get some very sticky problems to be solved from some particular House or some particular priest or group of priests, and when the Superior General, who was then Father Flahiff (now Cardinal Flahiff) would bring it up we would all discuss it and kirck it around for maybe sometimes an hour until it would dawn on us, as usual, that Father Kennedy hadn't said anything, and somebody would say: "What do you think we should do?" And there would be a pause - he was in no hurry to answer - but it was just as if he took a knife and cut the problem down the middle and opened it up and saw every angle, everything about it, every facet of it, and then he would say, "Well if you do this, this will happen; and if you do this, this will happen, and so on. The only





course that I can see is this." And within a minute, invariably everyone agreed with his solution. I can remember many, many a time I would say to him afterwards: "Why didn't you say that an hour ago?" But - that was Father Kennedy! He was a very humble man with all his wisdom, but he was a very, very brilliant man and he did so much for the Community.

You know, he was made a Superior when he was 29 years of age. He was made Superior of Assumption College. In those days, that was in 1928, I believe, there were just two really big Houses, St. Michael's and Assumption; and here was a young man - just a boy, practically - 29 years of age, put in charge of one of our two big Houses as the Superior of both the University and the High School. I was a scholastic then and I think I knew him then as a quiet man, a dignified man, a gentle man. When I got to know him many years later, through those six years, I got to see his wisdom in action and I got to understand him more and more.

A proof of the respect that the Community had for him is this obvious - he served eleven years



in Rome representing our Community because we knew - the Basilians knew - that if they elected him Procurator to the Holy See they were sending the best representative they could send. And, besides, the eleven years that he represented us at Rome, he was elected for eighteen consecutive years to the General Council - to help rule and guide the Community. So, in his 49 years plus as a priest he spent 29 of them serving our Community, either as our lawyer in Rome or a member of our General Council here - and then many other years as a local Superior. I think that indicates his talents. One thing he did back in 1938 - and many of you will remember this - Father Henry Carr, who was Superior General, commissioned him to go to Rome and get our constitutions approved - and that's not easy. It hadn't been done in the first 100 years of our Community - we had never had our constitution approved - but it was Father Kennedy who, with Father Carr, accomplished that. And if that were all he had done it would have been, to me, a full life. Sometimes one of us happens to be in a position to build a building - and



it's the funniest thing - we say: "Look at that building - I built that building." Or we write a book, and we get all excited about our book and the author is the only one, I think, that is excited about it. But this was a great thing that Father Kennedy accomplished - and he never talked about it. He was a humble man.

Another of his great accomplishments - even greater than that was his work on the Liturgical Commission. He was invited to come to Rome to be an advisor to the Liturgical Commission for Vatican II and it's a known fact that he was a great influence in getting the Mass said in the vernacular. Now just imagine - that wasn't easy to do either. That took a long time to do and we were making our retreat here some years ago - the priests on the Missions - and we had Father Kennedy - he was in town - he gave us two lectures on liturgy and we asked him about the Mass. It was two years, at least, after they won the decision, that we were allowed to say Mass in English. He helped form the four canons that we are saying in the Masses these days - and he



gave us those four canons in Latin - they hadn't even been translated and it was two years old. So the thing is he was extremely brilliant - and he did much, not just for his family or the Community or for the House he was in - but for the Universal Church, in using his God-given graces. His charity goes without saying - after all, when God put us on earth He gave us the two commandments which embody the ten. The first is love God with all your heart, with all your soul, with all your mind and with all your strength, and the second is simply this: Love your neighbor as yourself - and that's the name of the game! It's either that or else! And we succeed or fail insofar as we keep those two commandments of loving God and loving our neighbor. When we love, we give! When we love, we sacrifice! We give a good. And Father Kennedy gave his whole priestly life - all the wisdom and knowledge that he was given by God he used to help his fellowman. What a help he gave us! In the Mass - just see what the Mass means to all of us now that we are saying it in English, or Spanish, or Italian, or French -





wherever you happen to be. And he has given that - he gave himself all his life. Now that was a great charity.

He gave us, I think, a stronger hope. You know, I've experience being in the company of very brilliant people and sometimes I come away sort of depressed. But very often I come away feeling a whole lot better. And Father Kennedy affected me that way. I felt that my faith was stronger - I felt that I had more hope for the future - I figured that I had more to live for, to love for. And you know, Shelley wrote that Pharaoh that lived long before Christ in the sonnet he Ozymandias. And Ozymandias had a great mind, evidently. And Ozymandias was a very powerful man, but Ozymandias used his intellect and his power to crush nations - to take over the whole world by force, and then he had the nerve to have a statue of himself carved out of granite and placed in the center of a thriving metropolis and he wrote on the bottom of it: "My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings, look on my works, ye mighty, and despair."



Father Kennedy left something too - he left a lot - and he can say to us: "Look on my works - and hope."

God forgive his weakness - God forgive his faults - God forgive his sins - God bring eternal rest to his beautiful soul. Amen.

(Sermon preached by Father A. Leland Higgins at the funeral Mass for Father Vincent Kennedy in St. Anne's Church, Houston, Tuesday, March 26, 1974, at 7:30 p.m. Transcribed from a copy of the author's manuscript in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)

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To Sister Dorothy Flood, and Mrs. Lewis Murphy and family, and Sister Ann Gabriel, and to those dear and close friends of Father Bob Flood who are here today, we his religious brothers express our deepest sympathy in your great loss and sorrow - from the depths of our own loss and sorrow - and assure you that as long as our community gathers to talk or pray he will be remembered with fondness and affection.

Robert Henry Flood would not approve of a eulogy and to preclude that possibility and to have, characteristically the last word he left a full-dimensional portrait of his mind and heart and spirit in three volumes of poetry. It was of a piece with his truest personality to be daring and original, and only the most daring are willing to leave their innermost thoughts to be picked at by posterity. It is said that "a prophet is not without honor except in his own country" and it is equally true of poets. Rereading his poetry now that he is gone to another country I can truthfully assert that it is worth re-reading and I will try only to sketch a few of the features



of his personality which the poetry reveals:

1. the vivid reality which God was for him,  
in faith - and therefore, the joy he must  
experience in the actual presence of God today.
2. his impatience with people immersed in  
material things because they lose thereby  
the joy of the spirit, and the vision of God.
3. the excitement and fun that ideas, and the  
play of ideas, brought to him - and how he  
rejoiced when friends or students enjoyed the  
play of minds in witty exchanges.
4. the depth of his apostolic concern that too  
many people miss the real joy of life that  
comes from faith in God.

Finally, the title of his first volume, The Bashful Chair tells so much about him. He would allow the Pope to pontificate from a seat of authority, but absolutely no one else, and so his poems were not meant to be dogmatic, but playful probes of his penetrating mind playing with the mysteries of life and God.

I have chosen two texts as the framework for the thoughts that rise in me as I consider the





meanings we might find in his life. One is taken from Psalm 26, the poem of an ancient writer inspired by God:

There is one thing I ask of the Lord -  
For this I long  
To live in the house of the Lord  
All the days of my life,  
To savour the sweetness of the Lord  
To behold his Temple.

The other is taken from a modern poet, also inspired by God, and his name is Robert Henry Flood:

For them, my rising for a time  
means Death is not the end,  
but the beginning.  
Then, they see Death as a necessary  
step to a life already started.  
meantime, the words "Hope" and "Love"  
will be a part of resurrection day.  
Good words,  
good ideas:  
Hope and Love.

Whether we recognize it or not, we are all driven by an insatiable desire "to live in the house of the Lord all the days of our lives." The man and woman of faith recognize this desire and admit it and they use the events and circumstances of life partially as a foretaste of the perfect fulfillment to come and partially as means by which



they deepen their capacity "to savour the sweetness of the Lord."

Any honest experience of life clearly and early demonstrates the inadequacies of created things to give the degree of satisfaction and fulfillment we all crave.

A man or woman who makes a commitment of dedication to the service of God in religion has formalized this wisdom and adopted it as the guiding rule for his or her way of living.

That does not mean that as priests, nuns, or brothers, we do not look out of the corners of our eyes at some of the alluring prospects that the things of earth present to us. Our commitment does not mean that on the day of religious avowal we are packaged, sealed, signed, and delivered to God as perfected Holocausts needing only to live out our days in holiness and peace. The prize is infinity, eternity, and divinity and the process of pursuing earthly prizes is a good paradigm for the pursuit of the Divine Prize - the best has to be earned by an effort worthy of the best. Like everyone else, we have to struggle and fight, fall and rise, mix faith



with doubt, suffer and rejoice, stumble and recover.

But because we have made a commitment which the Church has officially recognized, we are entrusted, in a variety of Apostolates and ministries, with helping others keep before their minds the truth and the dignity that men and women are destined not only to life on earth and in time but to life in God and eternally, and that this life in the house of the Lord is the true destiny of man, and the things of time are only, steps along the way —

It is for these reasons that when any man or woman dies, especially religious man or woman, the Church rejoices - not without sorrow for our human loss but thru our tears we look with faith to the achievement of the higher life, the perfect life, the fulfillment of our real goal "to live in the house of the Lord all the days of our lives."

In our time many people do not accept the vision of faith and break their hearts in a desperate search for fulfillment in the things of earth and time. They measure success by money, power,



pleasure, prestige, or leisure and they are coming to scorn that life which does not trust itself to the transient glories of earth.

The last and highest function of Father Bob Flood's ministry may well have been ordained to demonstrate the premise that life in itself has infinite dignity and value.

For nearly ten years, maybe longer, Father Flood was subject to an illness that produced an inexorable deterioration of his capabilities to look after himself. He could not do the things he loved so much to do and did so well - to read and think, to talk with gaiety and wit, to love his family and friends and confreres, and students - to excite and stimulate the minds and hearts of young people. He was not able to preach or offer Mass or hear Confessions - he had to accept humbly the humiliating role of being dependent on others, he who once was happy in his independence of mind, his superb-critical faculty, his graceful and flashing wit, his warmth and compassion that encouraged others when they were discouraged to seek the higher things no matter what the cost. He enjoyed life and <sup>at</sup> the peak of





his powers that joy of his was infectious.

For nearly ten years, he was deprived of an active ministry, but he became the lesson not of loving but of being loved. He became the inspiration for acts of love he might never have been able to teach; doctors studied his illness and grew in wisdom and understanding to better help someone else - his sisters and his aunt and his nieces and friends discovered anew and profoundly the meaning of faith, and hope, and love - priests and scholastics of the Basilian Community performed unnumbered and unmeasured acts of love to comfort him, console him, just to be present with him, and their actions are so many assurances of Divine Companionship for them and him. "I was sick and you visited me, naked and you clothed me, hungry and you gave me to eat, thirsty and you gave me to drink."

Father Flood's ministry in his last years was not so much to preach the Gospel, but to inspire and evoke its practice in others. Others grew in wisdom, age, and grace while he declined. And if it is the quality of life that counts, not



the quantity, and if is - then this result made him pre-eminently the priest-he evoked Christ in others by becoming the source, center, and cause of their Christ-like behaviour.

I see his final Apostolate therefore as most appropriate. He delighted in paradox as his printed volumes of poetry beautifully and happily give witness and God asked him to be a priestly paradox, willing to love but able only to be loved. He came from a family of deep faith, and his life and his poetry reveal his own profound faith, and to accept the sickness and suffering of their priest brother and nephew and uncle required and evoked profound faith in his family, and their intense hope for a cure in time has been transferred now to their confident hope in his happiness forever. All this is the agency of priesthood, to bring people to the clear realization that the hope of life that alone is valuable is the ultimate hope of living "in the house of the Lord all the days of our lives." To know God is love and that to love where there can be no response of love is to be especially like God. God never said to any priest how many



people he should influence - to influence one to be like God is to have performed an apostolate, and to have evoked Christ-like reactions from many is to have achieved greatly what one was ordained to do.

In an age that has cheapened the value of human life in itself, his crippling illness and the devotion it excited is a significant statement that we live not only for ourselves but for others, and that the gift of life is not completed by viability or productivity, but rather by the opportunity to "live in the house of the Lord all the days of our lives" - Father Bob Flood served God well in his active ministry but perfectly in his passive ministry - "in the head of the book it is written of me that I should do thy will, of God".

I want to conclude with his own words because we can consider today his birthday in his new life:

We've come a long way since Life was wrecked by life in another garden. So - a greeting to you for a mere birthday is saved from the trivial, banal and saecular.



Keep the Faith, Hope, & Charity  
There couldn't be a better three  
short only of Trinity.

(Sermon preached by Father Joseph Dorsey at the funeral of his fellow townsman (Syracuse, N.Y.) Father Robert Henry Flood in Holy Rosary Church Rochester, N.Y., Saturday, April 6, 1974. Transcribed from a xerox copy of the preacher's manuscript in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)





On behalf of the Basilian Fathers I would like to express my sympathy and theirs to Father Flood's relatives - to his sisters, Sister Dorothy and Mrs. Eleanor Murphy; to his aunt - Sister Anne Gabriel; to his brother-in-law - Mr. Louis Murphy and to his nieces and nephews. You gave us the gift of your brother Bob and we are richer today because of your gift. The recipient of a gift is far more enriched than the giver usually thinks possible. So we celebrate tonight the fact that your gift to the Basilians is now a perfect gift since God has called Bob to Himself.

I do not intend to eulogize Bob tonight. Father Joe Dorsey, a native Syracusean, and a close friend of Bob's will do that tomorrow.

I would like to take just a few moments here to apply the texts of tonight's liturgy to Bob as I knew him.

Romans 8, 14-23

Because of the Spirit's presence, a christian enjoys not only a new life but a new relationship to God. We are now adopted children and heirs to Christ, whose suffering and glory we now share.



I think that what we suffer in this life can never be compared to the glory, as yet unrevealed, which is waiting for us. (18)

How true this is in Bob's case. His glory must surely be great since his suffering was so great.

I knew Bob in two capacities - some years ago as a teacher and for the past few months as a suffering person. He excelled in both capacities. He was a demanding teacher who expected excellence from his students as he did from himself. His gift with words expressed poetically was matched only by his long suffering. He was an agent of truth and a patient of suffering. In these capacities, he truly imitated Christ so now Bob can cry out "Abba" as did Christ, who was the truth and who was the patient sufferer.

Matthew 5, 1-12

The beatitudes are Christ's platform for action. The poor, the anawin of Yahweh, are surely those who lack material goods and so stand in need of the blessings promised by God.

Happiness is to reach its fulfillment through Christ. Bob Flood has that happiness tonight. He has suffered with Christ. He has died with



Christ. Tonight we are celebrating his deeper "dyeing in Christ." He has taken on the color, the dye of the Lord. He has taken on the character, the mark of Christ.

Surely then, let us rejoice that as an heir to Christ, Bob has now come into the kingdom of his Father where he "having taught his lessons well" is now "in vision beatific" from which he "watches (us) the remnants towering a hill."

May he not only watch us but may his earthly life inspire us and his heavenly life guide us to the kingdom of our Father, so that we too may some day come to our promised reward.

(Homily given by Father Robert O'Halloran at Vespers for Father Robert Flood in the Basilian Fathers Residence, 402 Augustine Street, Rochester, N.Y., Friday, April 5, 1974. Transcribed a xerox copy of the preacher's manuscript in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)



Some years before his death, Father Carr (whom most Basilians here remember not only for his fruitful leadership of our Community, but also for his being one of the most colorful individuals in the history of our Community) bemoaned the fact that contemporary conditions no longer were such that they allowed for development of individuals outstanding for their beloved eccentricities, for their colorful distinctiveness, for their ability to integrate outstanding individuality with community life. I am sure that Father Carr is happy with the contributions Father Frank Murphy made to Basilian life as a colorful individual. Although the delightful individuality which Father Murphy brought to his living of Basilian community and to the relationships he had with those for whom he labored is especially notable in his life, it is more important to remind ourselves this evening very simply that Father Murphy lived a Christian life, and that he lived a Basilian life.

His life of seventy years (almost seventy-one, for his birthday is in October) was a varied one, for he received a degree from the Law Society of





Upper Canada in 1930, was ordained a priest in 1942, and received a degree in library science from Our Lady of the Lake in 1950. After spending a short time at Assumption High School in Windsor, Canada, he was assigned to St. Thomas High School in 1945, where he remained until his death yesterday.

Father Murphy was a follower of Christ, because he was, we, who are also followers of Christ, realize that for him his death is only one of the two aspects of one event: namely, death and resurrection. As Christians, we think of the two aspects joined in one phenomenon, because Christ brought this order into our existence. It is no wonder that those who do not hold to the teachings of Christ and who do not look to his life as a guide scurry around in chaotic and unsuccessful attempts to bring order to an existence which to many becomes unbearable. But we, in our faith in Christ, are this evening bearing witness to the resurrection of Father Frank Murphy into the heavenly kingdom of God, to be closely united with God in supreme happiness. The joy that is his in that resurrection is also our joy.



It is the joy of his Basilian confreres specifically, because he was a Basilian. He chose to work for this time of death-resurrection joy in the context of Basilian Community Life. In that context he carried out his apostolate in two ways which are most noteworthy. First, it was his privilege to contribute to the education of thousands of young men, a few in Toronto and Windsor, but most here in Houston, where he was librarian at St. Thomas High School for some twenty-five years. Secondly when he was substitute chaplain at St. Joseph's Hospital for several summers — and at other times — he gave comfort to large numbers of those suffering from physical and spiritual ailments. The hospital work was especially dear to his heart, and he had a certain happy facility in bringing that comfort to the sick.

Today, Father Murphy is receiving comfort from the prayers of his confreres from Sudbury, Canada, to Mexico City, and from Rochester, N.Y., to Phoenix. We here in Houston are joined in prayer and spirit with Basilians everywhere, and with his family and relatives, as we celebrate the death-resurrection of Father Frank Murphy. It



is our privilege to join in loving remembrance of him as we look forward to our own full possession of the kingdom of God.

Traditionally, St. Peter stands at the gate of heaven to greet us. In this case, we can well imagine another person standing just behind St. Peter, eagerly awaiting Father Murphy's arrival. I'm sure that Father Bill Sheehan, who for many years at St. Thomas showered so much of his attention on Father Murphy, is delighting in reunion with his fellow Irishman. Well, Father Sheehan's gain is our loss. We will miss Father Murphy. But as we continue our Mass, we let the joy of his resurrection overshadow the sorrow of our loss.

(Homily at the Funeral Mass of Father Francis Leo Murphy, preached in St. Anne's Church, Houston, the night of September 4, 1974, by Father Walter Scott. Transcribed from a copy in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)



Your Grace, Archbishop Pocock, Jubilarians here today Father Michael Oliver and Father Wilfrid Sharpe, my brother priests, dear friends in Christ — we are celebrating here today and giving thanks to God for in this Eucharist, this thanksgiving service, a very unusual event. For a priest to come to twenty-five years ordained is worthy of celebration, but it is common enough. For one to come to his fiftieth anniversary is a much rarer cause for rejoicing. It is unusual indeed for a priest to reach his sixtieth year of priesthood. But what we give thanks for today must be almost unmatched. For on September 18, 1914, sixty years ago this week, four Basilians were ordained to the priesthood: Fathers Luke Beuglet, William Murray, Michael Oliver and Wilfrid Sharpe. Father Beuglet was somewhat older than the others. He died in 1955, after a mere forty-one years as a priest. [aged 77] But the other three are still with us. Father Murray is not well and cannot be here today, but Fathers Oliver and Sharpe are still vigorous and with them today we give thanks.





There is a passage in the Psalms that struck me as singularly appropriate for this occasion. The Psalmist likens the virtuous man to a fruitful and lofty tree, a palm tree or a cedar of Lebanon. And he says of such men:

Planted in the house of the Lord  
they will flourish in the courts of our God,  
still bearing fruit when they are old,  
still full of sap, still green,  
to proclaim that the Lord is just.

"Planted in the house of the Lord" — this was certainly true of Michael Oliver and Wilfrid Sharpe. Both came from deeply Catholic families. Father Oliver and his three brothers were raised in Barrie by parents of profound faith and uncommon common sense. It was a household in which good times and bad would alike be greeted with "Welcome be the holy will of God." Father Sharpe's parents brought up a family of eleven. Three of the boys became Basilian priests: the eldest, Father Joseph Sharpe was ordained in 1903 and died in the influenza epidemic of 1918; next came Wilfrid, and then the youngest, Father Gerald Sharpe who was ordained in 1926 — he is present today,



so that the two brothers together represent one hundred and eight years in the priesthood.

A Catholic home led to a Catholic education. Michael Oliver came to St. Michael's College in Toronto in 1906. Wilfrid Sharpe, having already passed the entrance examinations for high school at the age of ten, was then at Assumption College. At that time there was a practice of having senior students, especially those who were considering going on to the priesthood, take on some teaching themselves. They were called "Masters", wore the cassock and shared the life of the priests on the staff. Both of our jubilarians were Masters, Father Oliver at St. Michael's from 1907, and Father Sharpe at St. Basil's College in Waco, Texas, from 1908.

From this experience it was a step to the Novitiate of the Basilian Fathers. And so, in 1910 these two, with a young Texan, Daniel Dillon, first came to Holy Rosary, to the old Novitiate building that was north of the present site of the church, the chapel of which at that time was the parish church as well. There they made their novitiate year and stayed on as scholastics to take their Theology.



Those were troubled years in the Basilians. Actually, when they had completed their retreat before the Novitiate and were ready to be received the situation was such in the Community that, with a General Chapter being held in Geneva, the authority to receive them was uncertain. They had to wait until mid-September. But in the midst of the troubles, the young men coming to join were the best sign of future blessings. In the spring of 1914, the Provincial Council, in a letter to Rome reflecting on the difficulties, pointed this out: "Our Community", they wrote, "is very small. The hope is in the seventeen young confreres who have not yet made their final vows." By that time Michael Oliver and Wilfrid Sharpe were senior among those seventeen. In September 1914, they took their vows and were ordained to the subdiaconate and diaconate on September 17, and to the priesthood on the following day. Thus they were truly "planted in the house of the Lord."

The Psalmist continues: "They will flourish in the courts of our God." There is no time here to follow in detail the ways in which our jubil-



arians have flourished in God's service, but I would like to bring out some general features. Both men found the first significance of their priesthood in teaching. For Father Sharpe this was to remain his principal work throughout the years, although he was to know other duties as well. He has taught in Windsor, Detroit, Rochester and Houston, bringing to students in high school and university his knowledge of Latin and Greek, and teaching them in many other ways by his life. Father Oliver also had taken it for granted, before ordination, that he would be a teacher. As he considered his life before taking his final vows, he thought of anything other than teaching as only a remote possibility to be accepted as God's will should it come about. As it turned out, both of them were sent, immediately after ordination, to Washington to study at the Catholic University there, and then a year later Father Sharpe went to Assumption College and Father Oliver to St. Michael's. But after eight years at St. Michael's and one at Assumption, Father Oliver's career as a teacher came to an end as he was named pastor of Holy Rosary Parish.





Thus we come to another significant aspect of their priesthood: directly pastoral activity. And it should be noted that if we celebrate to-day their sixty years of priesthood, we may also celebrate the fifty years since Father Oliver became pastor of Holy Rosary for the first time. And only one year later Father Sharped joined him here, for he was named Master of Novices; but that is something we shall come back to. For Father Oliver the change to parish work was a decisive one. He was to be pastor of Holy Rosary three times: from 1924 to 1928, from 1930-1934, and from 1942 to 1946. (During his first term as pastor here, he undertook the building of the present Church, and with the cooperation of many others was able to see it opened in 1927.) In between he would be pastor of St. Basil's Parish, Toronto, from 1934 to 1937; and after his last term at Holy Rosary he would go to Owen Sound to be pastor of St. Mary's Parish there from 1946 to 1952. In the meantime, Father Sharpe also participated in the pastoral dimension of priestly work, and also at Holy Rosary, for he was pastor here from 1936 to 1942.



Thus in education and in pastoral care these two priests flourished in the court of our God. Both of them carried other responsibilities as well, besides those directly involved in these activities. Father Sharpe was chosen by his Basilian confreres as a member of the General Council and Secretary General from 1928 to 1936. Father Oliver directed the St. Michael's College Expansion Campaign, 1928-1930, and was Treasurer of St. Mark's College in Vancouver, 1953-1964, supervising during that time the construction of the College.

And the Psalmist goes on: "They will flourish in the courts of our God, still bearing fruit when they are old." It is worthwhile to consider the activities of these men in the past ten years, since the time we celebrated here their fiftieth anniversary in 1964. At that time Father Sharpe was teaching at St. John Fisher College in Rochester. In 1966 he was moved to the University of St. Thomas in Houston where he has continued to teach. When I wrote him, inviting him to come to Toronto for a celebration on Wednesday, September 18, the



actual anniversary of ordination, he replied that he could not do that because it would conflict with his class schedule! And Father Oliver in 1964 was just about to take on a new parish, having just been named pastor of St. Pius X Church in Calgary. In 1966 he retired from there and returned to Vancouver. His retirement schedule there would exhaust many a younger man. After one year as chaplain to the Cenacle Convent, he became in 1967 the chaplain at St. Vincent's Hospital. Besides visiting the sick there and bringing them the Sacraments, he regularly says two Masses each Sunday at a neighbouring parish after his Mass at the hospital, and for years he has compiled and published the British Columbia Catholic Directory.

Truly then it can be said of our jubilarians that they are "still bearing fruit when they are old, still full of sap, still green." And in their old age as in their youth, all their strength, all their vigour is not something they cherish for themselves but something they spend for others in the service of Christ. If they are "still full of sap, still green, " it is,



as the Psalmist expresses it, "to proclaim that the Lord is just."

The special qualities of this proclamation are expressed for me in the readings of today's Mass. The first reading speaks to me in particular of Father Oliver, the second of Father Sharpe, and the Gospel of them both.

The first reading today is taken from the Prophet Amos; it expresses his prophetic zeal in denouncing those "who trample on the needy." As I say, this speaks to me of Father Oliver. In the 1930s, confronted with the Depression, he promoted the development of the Mary Lake Farm School as an instrument to help the poor, so that even the particular concern of the passage relates to him. But in a more general way, I would say that if I were asked to which, of all Basilian priests, the description "zealous" might best be applied, I would think first of Father Oliver.

Similarly, if we turn to the second reading, from St. Paul's first letter to Timothy, and if we were to take a poll of all Basilians and ask them which of their confreres might best be





described as living, in Paul's words, "religious and reverent lives in peace and quiet", I would expect to find one name unanimously agreed on. This has been Father Sharpe's special quality. This was why he was twice called on to serve as Master of Novices, in Toronto from 1925 to 1928, and in Rochester from 1942 to 1948.

And finally in today's Gospel reading we find that Our Lord makes a clear distinction between the children of this world and the children of light. "You cannot", he tells us, "be the slave of both God and of money." Well, here we have two slaves of God. I am sure that, had either of them chosen to serve money, he could have by now become a wealthy man. But both of them chose to spend themselves in God's service. And today they have no money, they have nothing of that sort at all. But they are wealthy in the love of their Basilian brothers, of those whom they have taught and of those to whom they have given their pastoral care. For they have been slaves of God, and over sixty years have given themselves as priests to Him. By doing so they have earned our love and



gratitude and that of all the People of God.

(H<sup>o</sup>ily preached at Holy Rosary Church, Toronto, Sunday, September 22, 1974, on the occasion of the celebration of the Diamond Jubilee of Ordination for Fathers Michael J. Oliver, C.S.B., and Wilfrid Sharpe, C.S.B., by Father James Hanrahan, C.S.B., Superior General. Transcribed from a copy in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto.)



Most of us have been to funerals before. With perhaps the exception of a few freshmen — back in Canada we call them "niners" and they are always being put down — but most of them have been to funerals of grandparents or other distant relatives or friends, or perhaps in exceptional cases to the funeral of someone much closer to us — a parent, a brother or sister, someone we went to school with.

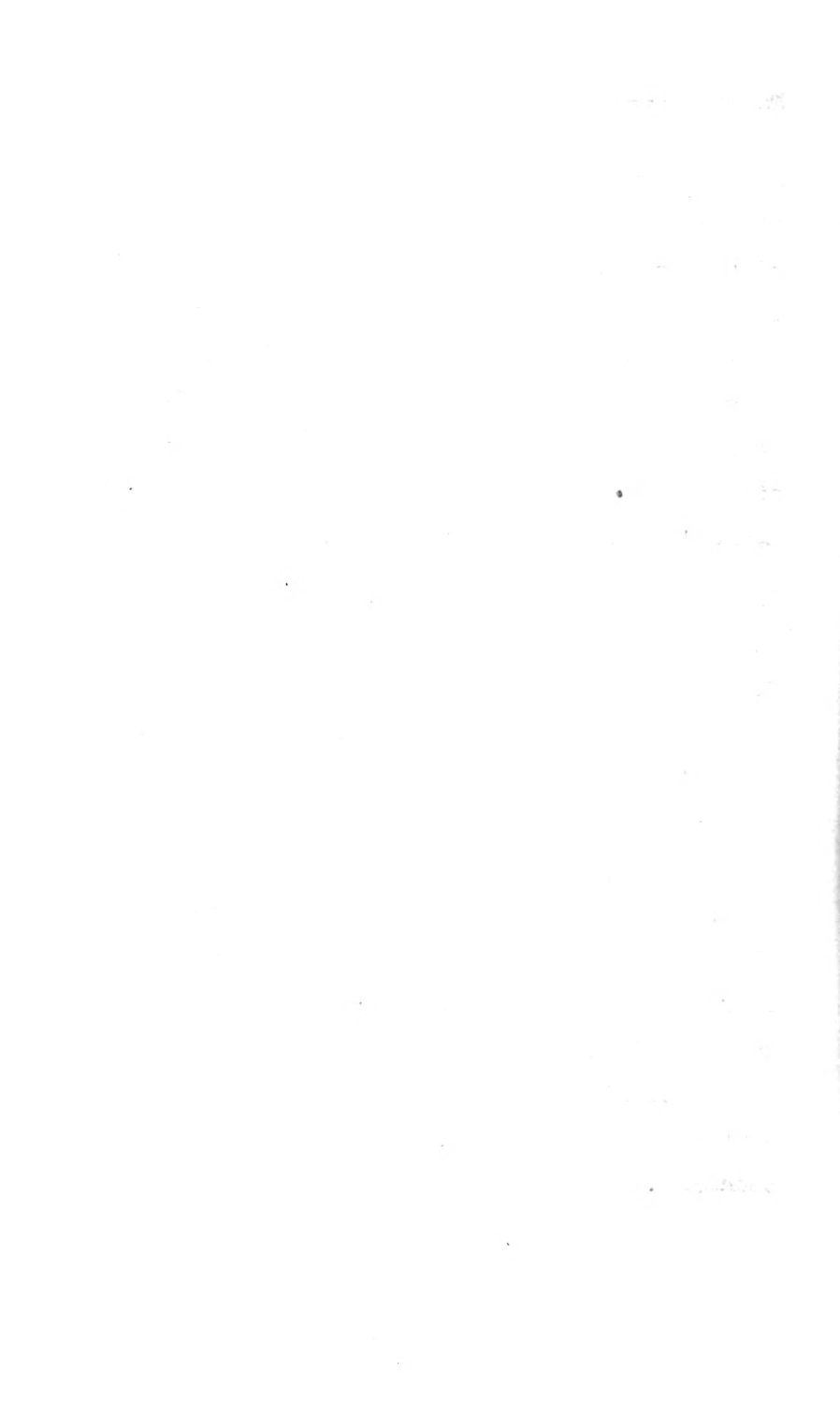
But the funerals always took place in a Church! This is the first funeral I have ever been to in a school — and I presume that for practically all of you this is a unique experience as well. What are we doing attending a funeral in a school gymnasium?

Well, the immediate reaction or answer is perhaps obvious. We are here at the funeral of a Man who spent close to half his life here in this school — at Catholic Central. Father Barnes not only attended C.C. as a student for four years — just like most of you are doing — but he has spent his entire priestly ministry — over 14 years — here on Outer Drive. He has been in a very true sense a real part of this school.



But perhaps we are here at a funeral in a school for a much deeper, much more profound reason — because God in his wisdom wants this funeral, this occasion, to be a very real learning experience for each one of us. We might ask ourselves "What is God trying to teach us this morning?" There are all kinds of answers to this question but I think Father Barnes' death highlights a few.

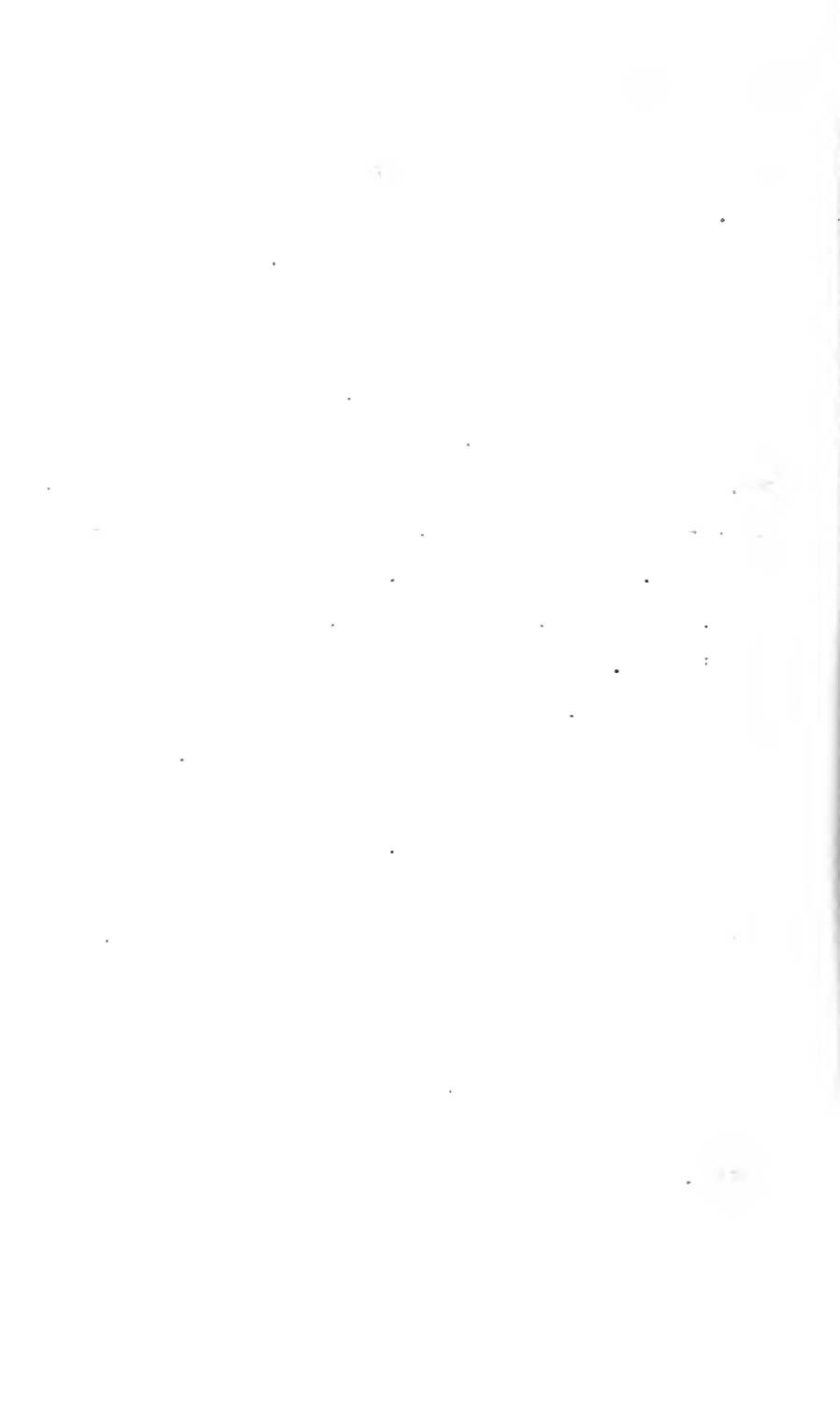
God wants us to be generous. St. Paul told us in the second reading that "God loves a cheerful giver; that he who sows generously will also reap a bountiful harvest." I think Father Barnes' life was characterized by generosity. Some of us knew him as a son or brother, others as a friend, some as a religious confrere, others as a teacher — but all of us who knew him recognized in him the generosity that should characterize the Christian — a giving of self that in his case manifested itself most evidently in his commitment to the religious life, to the sacramental priesthood, to the apostolate of teaching.





Evidence of his generosity, particularly to you, the students in whom he saw Christ and whom he therefore wished to serve, was Father Barnes' willingness to undertake so many different responsibilities in addition to his regular classroom activities. Down through the years since 1960, he has capably acted in such diverse capacities as Director of Athletics, Audio-Visual Technician, Head of the Latin Department, Maintenance Man, Director of Discipline, Bus Drive, Photographer, Moderator of the Dads' Club. If there was some task to be done in the school, he was there to do it and you could be sure it would be done properly. He was not only generous with his time and talents, but he was most competent. So be generous as Father Barnes taught you to be generous and God will give you an abundance of every blessing.

A second thing I think God wants us to learn this morning is the importance of the virtue of faith in our lives. A real deep belief in God and in his Church manifests itself in stability, in steadfastness, in composure, in "keeping your cool" even when things are not



always going right or easy. Father Barnes was a man of our time — of a time when we are constantly being confronted with change: changes in society, changes in the Church, changes in religious life, changes in education. In our generation, as perhaps never before, old values, old traditions, old practices are constantly being challenged, constantly being questioned, constantly being evaluated. It takes a man of deep faith to distinguish between the changes which are compatible with basic or fundamental values — those changes that are for our good — and those which are not. I think Father Barnes was such a man. He had the faith and the good judgment that goes with it to distinguish between changes which are beneficial and those which are in reality merely superficial, illusory, or merely popular. His faith, his good judgment, his stability was evident in his appointment as religious superior by the Basilian Fathers here at Catholic Central from 1967 until 1970. He was not a reactionary, he could accept change and he could adapt to it, but he had to be sure that the changes were for the good of all, for our relationships with God and



with each other, and for the good of the school he loved so much. So as we continue with the Eucharist this morning, let us ask God to strengthen our own faith — to help us to understand and to distinguish the real from the imaginary, the good from the bad or indifferent, the permanent from the passing or transitory.

We also wish to express our sympathy to Father Barnes' parents, his sisters and brother, and his other close relatives and friends who are here with us this morning. We share your grief because we also have been separated from a man we considered a good friend, a good confrere, a good teacher. We look forward as you do to being permanently reunited with him in union with God. We assure you that Father Joseph Barnes will be remembered in our prayers, just as we are most confident that he is interceding for us now before Almighty God.

(Homily preached at the funeral of Father Joseph Barnes, C.S.B., by Father Clare Malone, in the gymnasium of Catholic Central High School, Detroit, October 3, 1974. Transcribed from a copy of the preacher's manuscript deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)



Come and follow Me and I will make you into fishers of men, Matt. 4, 19

The scene described in St. Matthew's fourth chapter has been re-enacted over and over again through the centuries. Just as in the first century near the city of Capharnaum on the shores of the Sea of Galilee Our Lord called James and his brother John and Andrew and his brother Peter, so in this our 20th century on the shores of Lake Huron in the City of Sarnia, the same Lord and Master issued the same invitation to three youths — to Joseph Sharpe and to his brothers Wilfrid and Gerald. It was the same Lord inviting, the invitation was the same, "Come follow Me", the purpose was the same, "I will make you fishers of men."

The Church and the Basilian Fathers owe a debt of gratitude to the Sharpe family. This family has given three priests to the Church and to the Basilian Fathers. The oldest, Father Joseph Sharpe, spent fifteen years in the priesthood and died in his 43rd year during that influenza epidemic in 1918. Father Wilfrid Sharpe whom we honor today followed his brother into the priesthood and today he has completed sixty

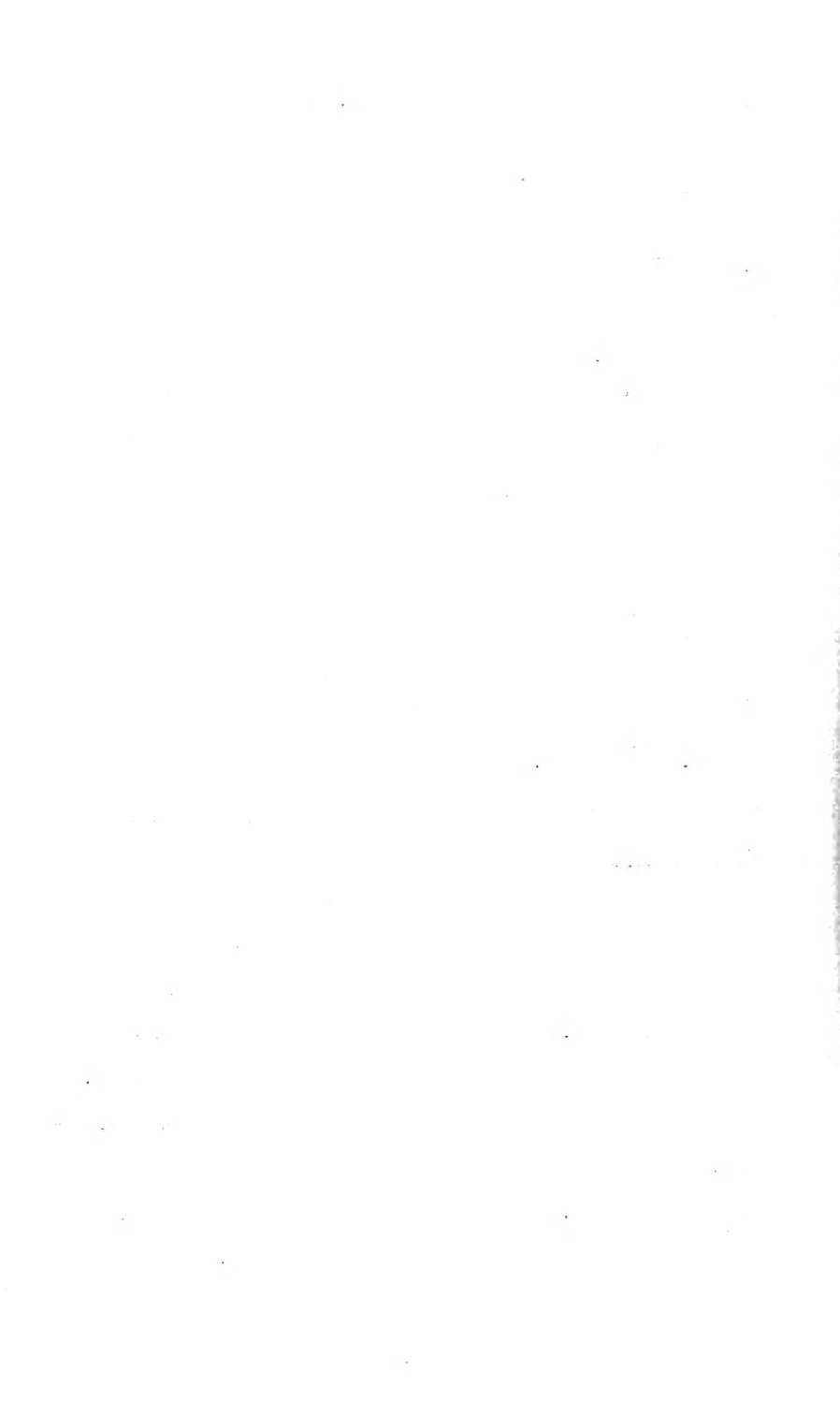




years as a priest. The youngest in the family, Father Gerald Sharpe is at present stationed at St. Mary's Church in Owen Sound, Ontario, he will finish fifty years in the priesthood in another year. All three priests have taught in Houston's Basilian Fathers' Institutions. We would like to remind the Sharpe family today of the words of St. Vincent de Paul as quoted by Pope Pius XI:

No matter how we seek, we shall discover ourselves unable to contribute to anything more great than the making of a good priest. In truth nothing is more acceptable to God, of more honor to the Church, and more profitable to souls than the precious gift of a holy priest. Pius XI.

There is a story told in the book Stone in the King's Highway which is the life story of Bishop Francis Xavier Ford who was among the first of the Maryknoll priests to go to China. He was one of the first to be put to death in the Chinese revolution. A communist officer accosted a Chinese youth and asked him where he was going. "I am going to make a visit to the Blessed Sacrament, and then I shall attend Mass and receive Holy Communion. After Mass I want to see the priest for he has helped me very much. The



officer replied to the boy, "There is no Lord there, there is no Blessed Sacrament; nor will there be any Mass for you to attend and the priest is no longer there." The Republic of China has taken over these buildings. The youth then thought to himself, "That priest established Jesus Christ in my heart when he baptized me. He has helped me increase that presence in my heart. I shall honor the Christ dwelling in my heart. The officer cannot prevent me from doing this."

This youth enumerated many of the privileges of the priest. He brings Jesus Christ wherever he goes. He celebrates Holy Mass for the people. He feeds them on the Body and Blood of Christ. Through his administration of Baptisme Christ enters the soul and that soul becomes the Temple of the Holy Spirit. Christ through the work of the priest intensifies the divine life in the soul. This has been the work of Father Sharpe through his sixty years and this is still his work. These years were spent in the Basilian apostolate of education at Assumption College, at St. Michael's College, as Master of Novices, Pastor of Holy Rosary Parish, Toronto, at



Catholic Central and St. Thomas High Schools and at the University of St. Thomas. During many of these years he was a member of the General Council of the Basilian Fathers and its secretary.

What is the priest?

What do the people expect from the priest?

What is it that makes the work of the priest effective?

The answer to this last question Father Sharpe taught me when he taught us the tract on grace.

François Mauriac was asked these questions.

He answered them and I must give you his answer.

Many priests there are who have edified me, several have carried me on their shoulders at certain turning points of my life. I have memories of what the priest has meant to me which I share with God alone. But you ask, What does the priest mean to me? He is Christ. And what do I receive from him? It is Christ. By his power he gives me Christ, by his suffering he shows me Christ. I only want him to give me Christ, not to speak to me about Him. For me the effective preaching and teaching of the priest has always been his own life. A good priest doesn't have anything to tell me. I look at him and that is enough. For me the priest is Christ. What do I expect and what do I receive? The answer is always the same. The answer is Christ.



Cardinal Suhard, once the Archbishop of Paris wrote to his priests:

I hope that the Holy Spirit inspire me and remind me of this precept. I must be a saint, another Christ in order that I may accomplish the duties of my state. I must be transformed into the very likeness of Christ. I am miserable but what does it matter if Christ lives and works in me with and through me. He can do all and even if I am powerless, His power will be that much the greater.

In the 1955 edition of the Basilian Fathers' Vademecum we are encouraged to pray:

Grant, my Jesus, that I may be so completely transformed into your likeness that it will be impossible for anyone to meet me without at the same time meeting you.

All this has been taught by St. Paul since the first days of the Church. He would have us put on Christ through grace. This grace would permeate the soul and as a noted English author has stated in one of his essays, "It almost changes the nature of the soul of an individual." This grace elevates, transforms and divinizes the soul. After St. Paul's conversion he tells us: "All I want to know is Christ and the power of his resurrection and to share in his sufferings by reproducing the pattern of His death."





St. Paul tells us how he is getting along with this work and of his determination to work at this putting on of Christ. "Not that I have become perfect yet, I have not yet won, but I am still running, trying to capture the prize for which Jesus Christ captured me." Christ is ready and anxious to give Himself in all His fullness to each of us, but His life in us will not grow and thrive and become more intense unless we try to know Him better and until we run after and try to capture Him. He is ever ready to give that more and more of Himself to us, but we must seriously desire that more and more. The prophet Jeremiath speaks of this, "When you seek me, you will find me, when you seek me with all your heart." If our running and our seeking continues unslackened, it will show that our desire to possess Christ in His fullness is becoming greater and greater and I shall be one day able to say with St. Paul, "I have been crucified with Christ and I live now not with my own life but with the life of Christs who lives in me." The goal of the priest must be to come to know Christ so well and to love Him so



much that it requires no longer any effort to be with Him, it will require an effort not to be with Him.

This oneness with Christ can be lost and it can be increased indefinitely. As priests we are reminded that we are called to an exceptional degree of holiness, of oneness with Christ and our fidelity to this call will be the measure of our influence for good in the world. It is from the powerhouse of prayer that the priest must draw the spiritual energy to be a public influence for Christ among men. The Master likened the first priests to Himself, The Light of the world, the Salt of the earth, a light for the guidance of men and salt for their preservation from sin. It is from the life of prayer that the priest draws oil for his lamp and savor for the salt and thus he becomes an effective witness for Christ. His voice then becomes the voice of the good shepherd to which the sheep listen to their salvation. This is the teaching of St. Pope Pius X.

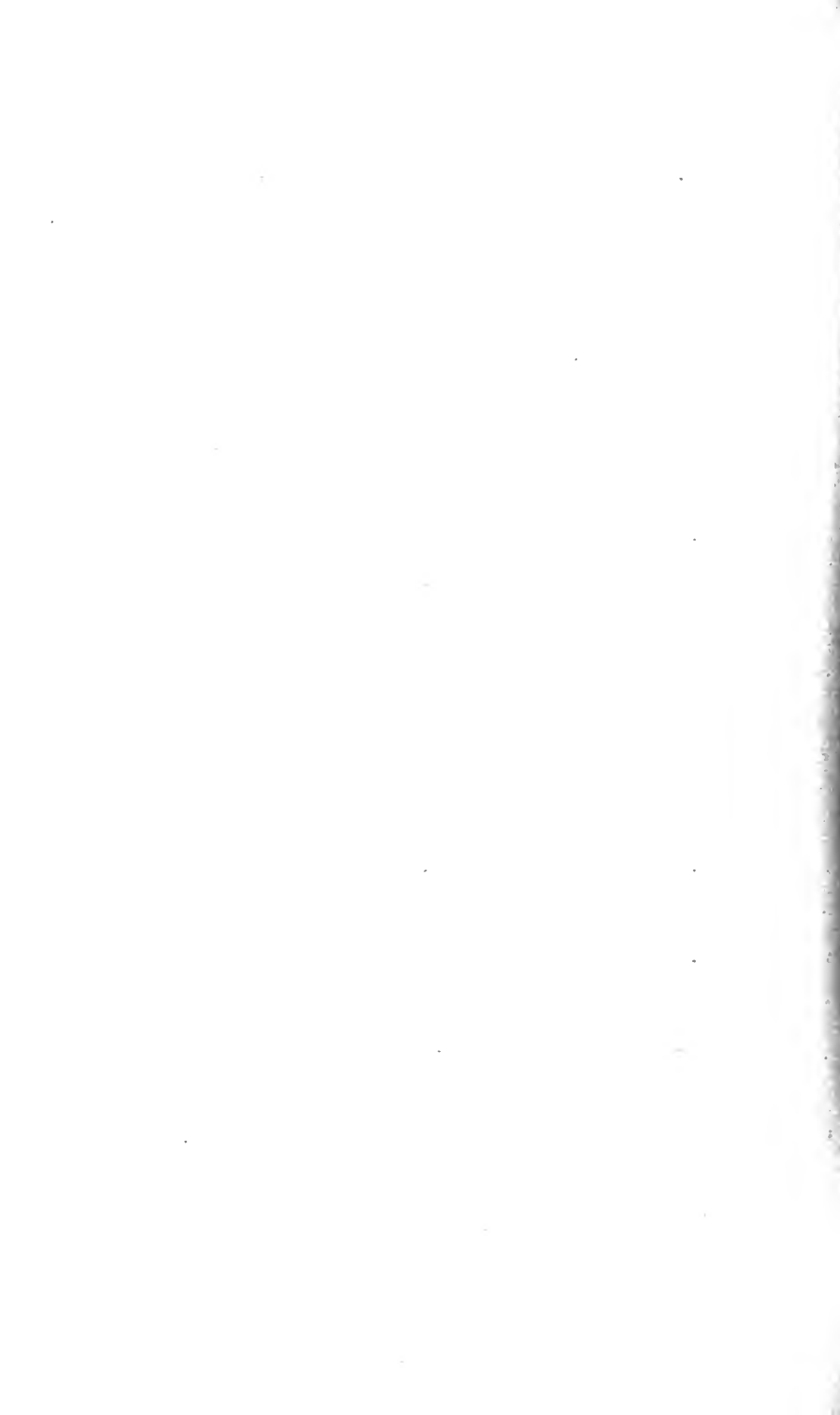
A word on the Apostolate of the priest.

The apostolate of the priest is the work of



Christ. It is not work for Christ. Christ does his own work now by being in and with the priest. The priest goes among the People of God that Christ might work through him. His zeal must be that of St. Paul, "I am in labor again until Christ be born in you." The priest's motive — he must never forget the Lord's words, "You shall love the Lord, your God with your whole heart." His prayer must be, "Lord burn these words into my very soul, until everything I do and say and think comes under the unquestionable sway of your love."

Father Sharpe — This has been your Theology of Education. You have lived it to the full. You came to the Basilian Fathers with wonderful gifts, a keen intellect, a fabulous memory and physical strength. Your ability in music, the piano, the organ, the violin have enabled you to gather youth around you in orchestras and choirs. Your classics, Latin and Greek, Greek Philosophy, Classical History and Theology have brought great numbers to your classroom. Your knowledge of athletics and athletes has added to your other gifts. You can discuss athletics with the authorities and they will discover your



proWess. Your life work has been described by the psalmist. It has been like the tree planted near running water that yields its fruit in due season and whatever you have done has prospered.

Father Sharpe:

You have been loyal to your family who anticipate your annual visit. You have added so much joy to their lives.

You have been loyal to the Basilian Fathers, your religious family. You inspire us as we see you go off to your classroom with a light heart. We all know how faithful you are to the religious exercises and you add much joy to our life together in community by your kind and gentle comment.

You have been loyal to your students who know that they have gotten more than Latin and Greek from you. One of them recently remarked that no one should graduate without taking a course from Father Sharpe.

You have been loyal to your priesthood which you have lived joyously and happily. You have preached the word of God in season and out of season. You have never avoided any of its duties or obligations. Many young men have followed you into the priesthood because of the way they have seen you accomplish your priesthood.

You might tonight use the words of Lou Gehrig which he used on that remarkable Lou Gehrig day





in Yankee Stadium, "I have been doing all my life what I like to do best and I have given it my all."

You have been faithful to God and may He bless you.

We congratulate you.

(Homily give at the Mass commemorating the Sixtieth Anniversary of Ordination of Father Wilfrid Sharpe by Father James Embser in St. Anne's Church, Houston, September 18, 1974. Transcribed from a copy of the preacher's manuscript in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)



I think our radio audience would be very interested in the Mission going on at St. Mary's Church in Owen Sound. They must be asking themselves questions, such as what is a mission in the sense that the Catholic use the word. Where do the Fathers come from who are preaching it? A few leading questions will bring out what I'm sure they would like to hear. First, I'll introduce to you one of the Redemptorist Fathers, Father Thomas O'Connor who along with Father Thomas Chdilow is preaching the Mission.

QUES: Father O'Connor, I notice the letters CSSR. following your name. What do they mean?

ANS: They are the initials of the Latin for Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer.

QUES: That's where you get the name Redemptorist Fathers, is it?

ANS: Yes Father, that's right.

QUES: How do the Redemptorists differ from other priests in the Roman Catholic Church?

ANS: We are members of one of the many religious orders in the Church, all differing in constitutions, customs, and object. Some have as their prime object teaching, others foreign missions, and still others preaching apostolic missions to our own people in this country. This latter is our principal work.



**QUES:** Who founded your order and how long ago?

**ANS:** It was founded by St. Alphonsus Liguori in 1732.

**QUES:** He must have been a remarkable man to set up an order of priests that is world wide and flourishing. Can you give us any idea how numerous you are in the world?

**ANS:** We total over six thousand priests and lay-brothers.

**QUES:** What is a lay-brother?

**ANS:** A lay-brother is an unordained member who ranks as a full member, but whose work is rather looking after the material needs of the monastery.

**QUES:** In what country did your founder live and what inspired him to start a missionary Order?

**ANS:** St. Alphonsus was a nobleman in Naples when Naples was an independent kingdom. At the age of sixteen he was a doctor of both Civil and Canon Law. Noted for his brilliancy, on his most important case upon which he based his whole career, he overlooked one word in a document which caused him to lose his case. This, to him was a sign from God that the law was not his vocation. So he began his studies and became a priest. It was not long before he became appalled by the fact that the country people were spiritually neglected, so he organized a rroup of priests whose prime purpose was to preach missions to these abandoned people.



**QUES:** Well Father your community must have been approved by the Church and spread rapidly. How are you governed, and from where?

**ANS:** We are governed from Rome; that's where our superior general lives. At present the superior general is Rev. Leonard Buys, a native of Holland.

**QUES:** Who appoints your superior general?

**ANS:** He is elected by the superiors of the sub-divisions in the different countries, which we call provinces.

**QUES:** How many provinces have you in Canada?

**ANS:** We have two Father; one French speaking and one English speaking.

**QUES:** You belong to the English speaking province of course?

**ANS:** That's right Father, with our headquarters in Toronto.

**QUES:** Perhaps we should say a word about our own mission here in Owen Sound. I hope Father that you don't look upon St. Mary's Parish in Owen Sound as a country parish which is spiritually neglected.

**ANS:** No Father, we certainly do not. While St. Alphonsus founded the Order for that purpose in the beginning, it has now expanded to include city parishes as well.

**QUES:** Do you consider that the people in the cities today are in greater spiritual need than those in rural parishes?

**ANS:** Yes Father, the people in the cities today have more distractions that are apt to take their minds away from spiritual values.





**QUES:** Has the Church as such made any regulations as to these missions or revivals as they are better known to some?

**ANS:** Yes Father, Church law which is called canon law prescribes that missions be preached in all parishes at least every ten years. Most parishes have them every four or five years.

**CONCL:** Well thank you Father for this enlightenment and May God bless you in the wonderful work you are doing.

(Women's Mission at St. Mary's Parish, Owen Sound, was preached May 25-31, 1952; The Men's Mission, June 1-8; Talks in the Jaycee Hall for non-Catholics, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, June 8-10 at 8-9 p.m. by Father Chidlow, C.Ss.R. Transcribed from the speaker's manuscript in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers in Toronto)



Today, the feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary is the traditional birthday of the Basilian Fathers. Two weeks ago invitations went out to all the priests of the area to come and recreate with us. Now that has been changed to come, instead an pray with us. By faith we know we should rejoice because we have another saint in heaven but our human side needs the support and consolation of our friends.

In my home we had a unique birthday custom. As soon as we had got old enough to realize the true significance of that day we gave a present to our mother to commemorate her gift of life to us. I still say my Mass on my birthday for my mother. How fitting to me , then, is it for us Basilians to make a gift of something precious to us to Almighty God on this our birthday and the feast of our Blessed Mother. "To you, Oh Lord we give back, with heartfelt thanks, what you have given us — your priest and our brother. But please, bless us who mourn, for indeed we need thy comfort."

I am not going to address the rest of my sermon to my Basilian confreres, nor even to Father



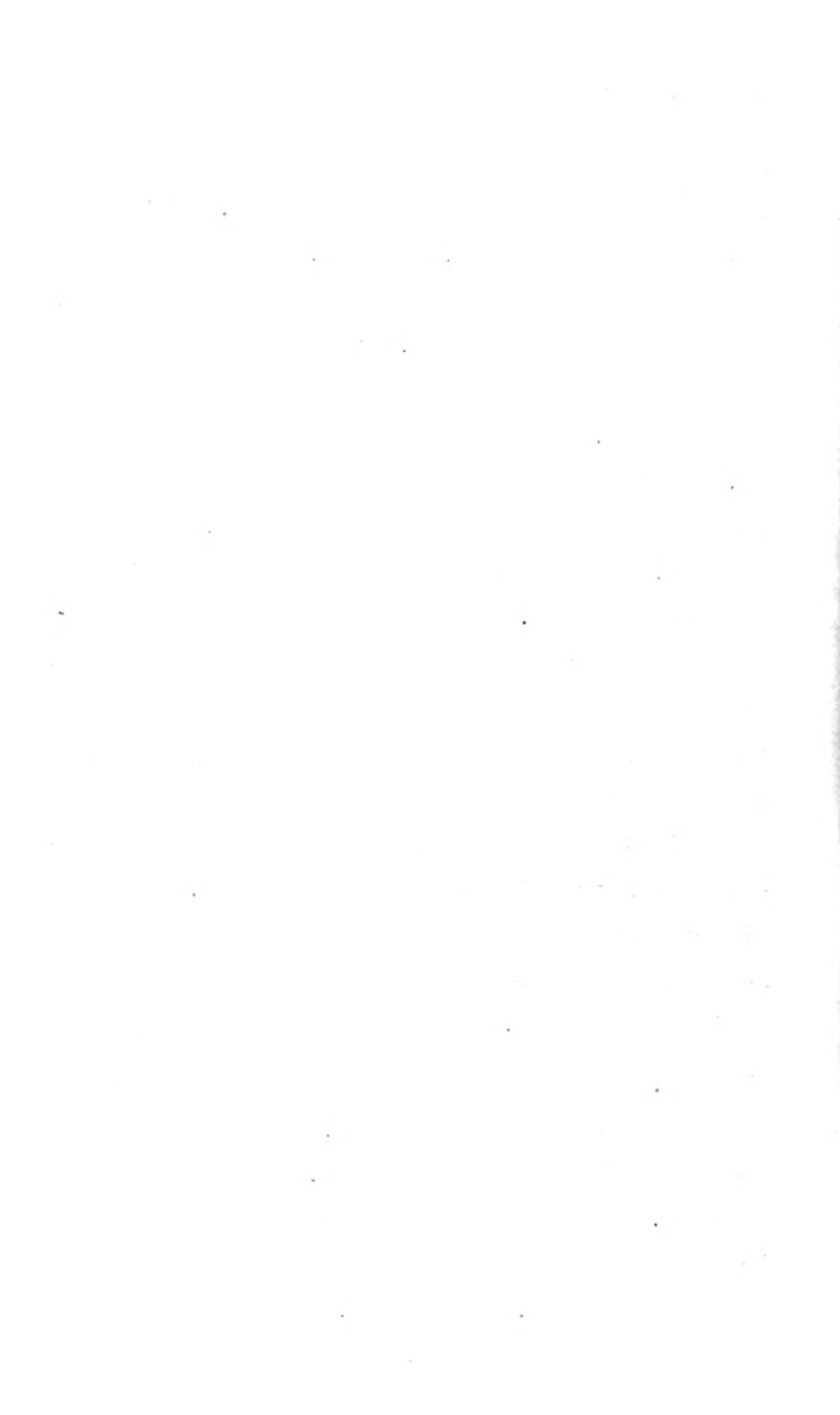
Nigh's family nor to the Sisters of St. Joseph whom he also served for we all have known and loved him from close association, but rather to you students whom he loved and served and literally gave his life for. My one fear is that many of you do not really know him. You seniors have never been associated with St. Charles when Father was not making his presence felt and though all might not have recognized the role he played, you have each and everyone benefitted from it in a thousand ways. He was the model, the spirit, the encourager, the consoler of priest and lay teacher alike. His example and his attitude to life, to teaching, to prayer was a daily sermon — nay even a challenger to each of us — and if we the staff have made headway in leading the Christian life it is in no small way partly due to this 'Christ-like' man.

Just last Monday afternoon, after Father Wilfrid Janisse had taken him to the hospital, I went out for a walk never dreaming the end was so near. There at the corner was one of our Grade Niners with a pile of books on the ground waiting for a ride home. After chatting with him a bit



about his studies and finding out that he was improving I asked him about his Math. "I'm having trouble there", he said, "I guess I'll have to start seeing Father Nigh in the morning." He never got that chance, but countless older boys have benefitted from Father's generosity in the past. It is almost a tradition here at St. Charles College that four places are open at eight in the morning — the chapel, the library, the gym and of course Father Nigh's room — Room 307. Will it be reduced to three areas now or has this spark of generosity been caught? If I were to open the room are there senior students willing to sacrifice their time to help the younger ones over those first hurdles by patient explanations? Time alone will tell — but what a memorial to a wonderful man. The highest form of praise is imitation and I can hold no better model up in front of you to strive to imitate.

When Mr. Lougheed heard the other night that I was to preach his comment was, "You will have no shortage of material F<sub>a</sub>ther." And that is so true. Had F<sub>a</sub>ther Nigh been alive he would be embarrassed by what I say of him because he was such a quiet, humble man, but it is not of





his virtue of humility, nor even his dedication, nor his cherfullness or positive approach to all things difficult that I wish most to speak but of his love of God as shown by his love of his Community but particularly by his love for you, his students. You are too young to really understand what true love is but let me say his love for you resembled closely that of your parents. His love made it imperative that he and you both do your best — he loved you so much he could not be satisfied with you doing only half a job. Of course he wanted you to work. Sure he set high standards for you. He was willing to cajole, weedle, bully our encourage you to do better and better and like your parents, perhaps, never seemed to be quite satisfied. You will learn that is characteristic of love — you want nothing but the best for those you love. It would have been so much easier for him to take it easy on himself and on you — to be just a good guy, let you get away with murder, give marks for nothing and seek popularity by catering to the weaker side of human nature. But he knew that to act thus was not a sign of love but of weakness and that



in the long run you would suffer and you would be less a man. The thought of you falling short of your potential was abhorrent to him.

Perhaps some of you can understand when I say "It is the nature of love to be willing to sacrifice yourself." If proof were needed of his love for you his self sacrifice would be it. Why just last Friday I found him sitting on the side of his bed trying to call upon some secret reserve of strength to enable him to go into the classroom. I knew then he was pretty sick when he allowed me to convince him to go back to bed. But Monday, he would not listen. He didn't feel it right that you should miss two days in a row. "He'd sit down", he promised, "and send a student to the board." Sometime during the class he found it necessary that he leave, first apologizing for the inconvenience he caused. "Greater love than this no man has, that he lay down his life for his friends."

The grads appreciated him the most. They're just finding out how well he prepared them for university. Now all that work seems worthwhile. "I guess we were his family, eh Father," one of



them boasted last night, and that was true. How he loved you boys of the North. "I came to Sudbury forty years too late," he used to lament. How contrite one of his class was, "We were often hard on him", he confessed, "We just didn't give him the attention and respect we should have." Well if it is any consolation to you he never once complained about you or criticized you. He accepted you as you were and did his best to make you better. Like a good parent he overlooked your faults and loved and served you despite them.

But a man wants to leave something behind at death to be remembered by — preferably something of himself. Some leave a fortune. Others an invention or fame as a hero. Some like to be remembered for their literary contribution or scholastic achievements. For a lot their sense of pride lies in the family they have left to carry on their name. So what will be the monument to Father Nigh's life? You are, we all are, or we can be. "By their fruits you will know them." His life of service and love, his death and evotion will have a lasting meaning if you are sparked by that same flame that burned within him — that flame of love and



dedication that totally consumed the last ounce of strength in that once powerful frame. How galdly, generously, lovingly he gave of himself, and is it all to end, just like that? Will all this goodness, generosity and love just all of a sudden be gone? No! No there must be a way of extending this — of seeing it continue. Some place out there must be young men inspired and generous enough to try and fill those boots of his. All Father Nigh stood for is too important to die and be buried with him. It cannot just become a memory. It must live on and grow and grow and multiply and spread in you and by you. Not all will be called to the priesthood or religious life but some will be. And what of the others? You are not excused from carrying that same message of love and dedication, devotions and sacrifice into your homes — into your vocations — into this world that hungers so for just those very virtues. Then truly Father Will Nigh will live on and I can almost hear him boasting about you to our Heavenly Father. "Do you see those Christians down there? Do you see my northern boys? Do





you see how they love and serve one another?"

(Sermon preached by Father Hodgson Marshall at the funeral of Father William Nigh in St. Clement's Church, Sudbury, Thursday, November 21, 1974, at 10:00 a.m. Transcribed from a copy of the preacher's manuscript in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)



Nous sommes tous réunis autour de vous, Père Marcoux, pour vous dire "A Dieu".

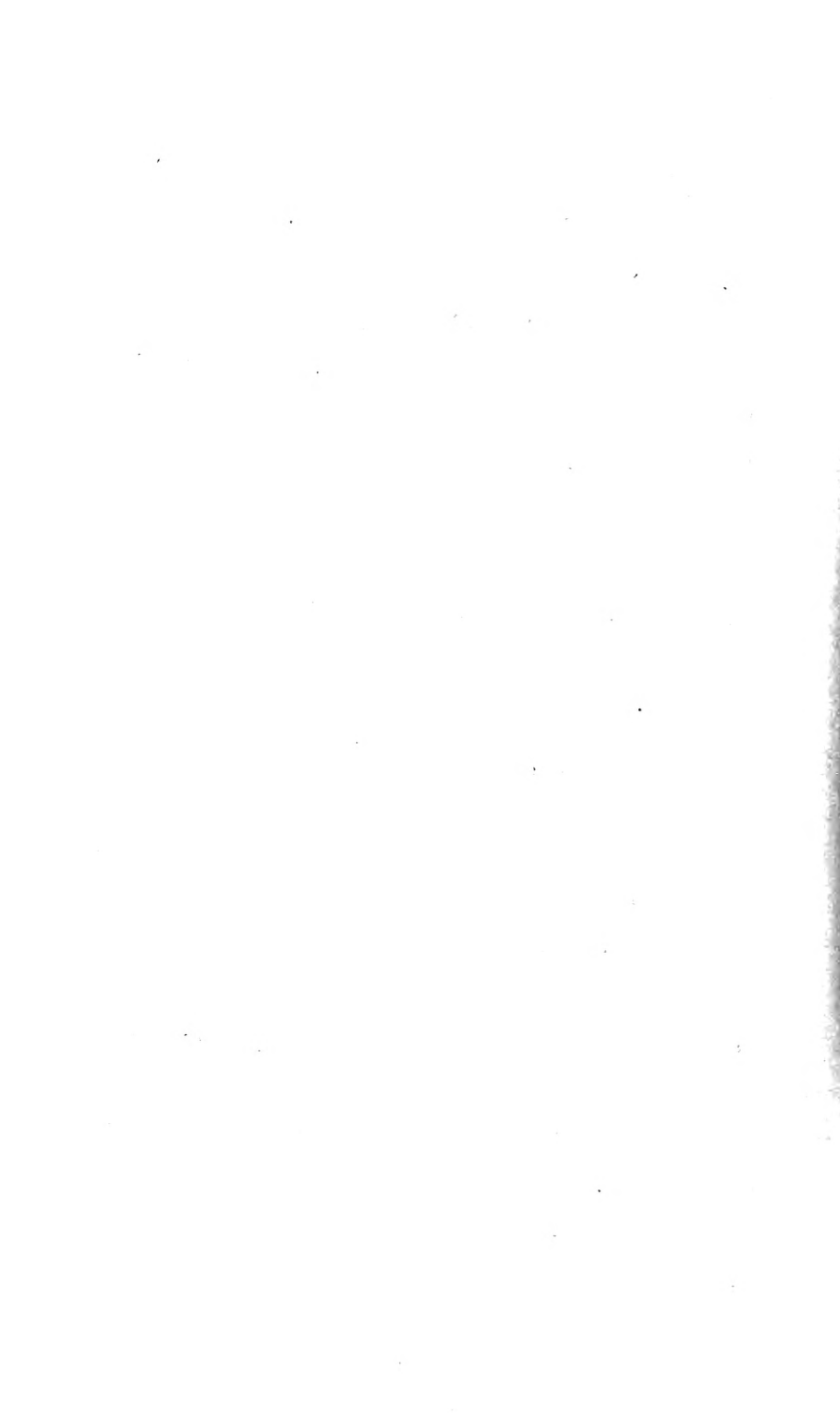
Vous voilà, en effet, arrivé au terme de votre vie terrestre, c'est-à-dire, prêt pour la transformation dont nous parlait St. Paul tout à l'heure, prêt pour l'incorruptibilité, pour l'immortalité.

Comme ces mots doivent être doux à vos oreilles, vous qui avez tant souffert physiquement et moralement, vous qui, depuis plus de vingt ans avez dû continuellement vivre sous surveillance médicale.

A cause de cela, votre vie aux yeux du monde n'a sans doute pas été très rentable au sens matériel du terme où on l'entend aujourd'hui, mais il y avait en vous une réalité qui ne se voyait pas, qui ne faisait pas de bruit et que pourtant vous n'avez jamais perdue: La Foi.

C'est parce que vous aviez la Foi, qu'à 25 ans, vous promettiez au Seigneur de Le suivre, en vous mettant à Son service, par votre première Profession. A cette promesse, vous n'avez jamais failli.

C'est parce que vous aviez La Foi, que, depuis



1934, date de votre Ordination, tous les jours, lorsque votre santé vous le permettait, vous avez offert le St. Sacrifice de la Messe.

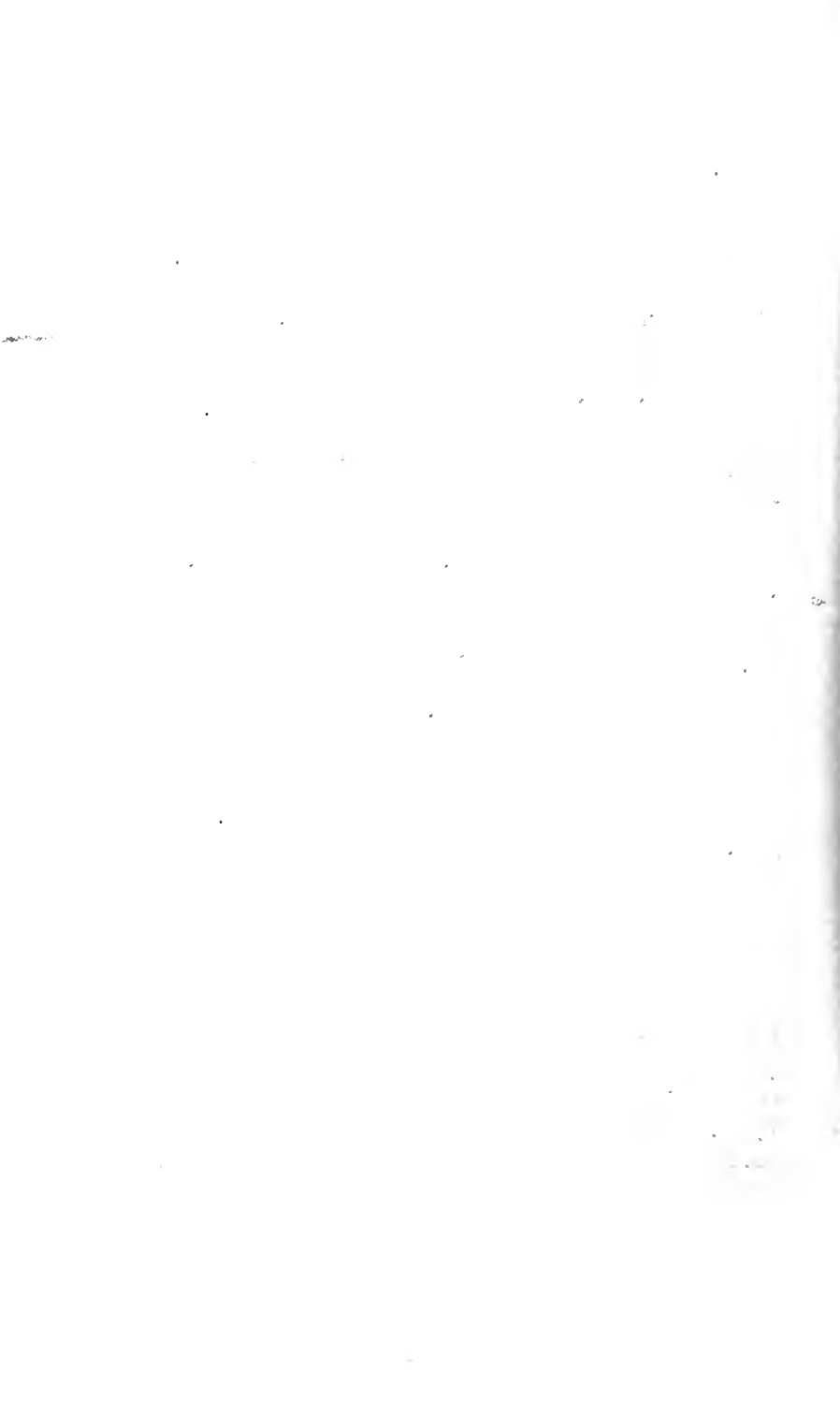
C'est parce que vous aviez la Foi, que, par la récitation de votre bréviaire, vous unissiez votre prière à celle de toute l'Eglise.

Oui, si la maladie vous a empêché d'assurer un long ministère soit ici au Collège, soit en Paroisse comme Vicaire, puis comme Curé, vous êtes toujours resté un homme de Prière.

Or, "Celui qui vient à moi, a dit Notre Seigneur, je ne le rejetterai pas."

Vous avez mis votre confiance dans le Seigneur, Il ne vous rejettera pas, Père Marcou. Et notre prière, aujourd'hui et à l'avenir, sera de Lui demander de vous accueillir auprès de Lui pour le Bonheur éternel.

(Homily preached Father Jacques Deglesne at the funeral of Father Auguste Marcou in the chapel of Collège du Sacé-Coeur, Annonay, August 23, 1974. Transcribed from the preacher's manuscript in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)



We must express our gratitude to Bishop Mor-kovsky for being with us as we celebrate this Funeral Mass for Father Haffey. We are grateful for your visit to him on the last day he enjoyed consciousness. He thoroughly appreciated that visit. We are very grateful to the Sisters of Charity of the Incarnate Word and the hospital staff for the wonderful care they gave Father during his long illness and especially during those last three days. We are grateful to Doctor Braden who went far beyond the call of duty in his effort to do everything for Father. We are grateful to Doctor Albert and Doctor David for the care they give the Basilian Fathers.

We express our sympathy to Loretto Rundle, his faithful sister who is with us today and to Sister M. Ethelburge, a Sister of St. Joseph in Toronto who was not able to come to Houston.

"And He was transfigured in their presence, His face shining like the sun and His garments became white as snow."

This text describes the one moment in the life of Our Lord when His Divinity shone through His Humanity. That one moment was witnessed by Peter, James and John. They would like to have had that moment be eternal. In the life of every priest there are three transfigurations which can be appreciated only with the eyes of faith. In the case of Father Haffey, the first trans-





formation happened in Welland, Ontario, Father's birth place and in St. Mary's Church and in June 1905. His second transformation was held in St. Basil's Church, Toronto, when he was ordained priest by Bishop Alexander MacDonald on the 19th of December 1931. The final transfiguration happened here in Houston at 11:00 P.M. on January 7th, 1975, and this was the day of his death.

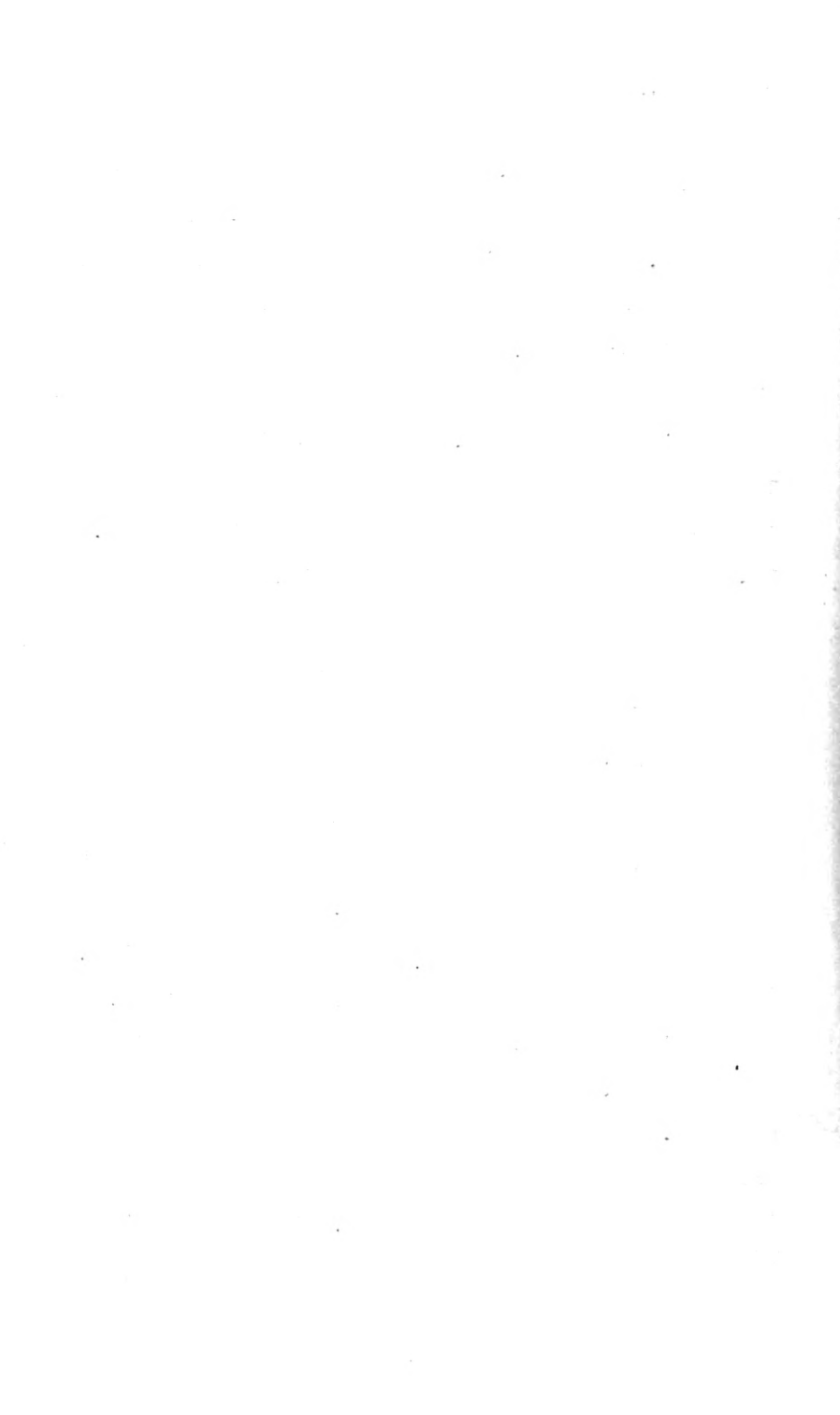
At Baptism the soul of Father Haffey began its supernatural life. On that day he became a follower and brother of Our Lord, Jesus Christ, he became a child of the Father, a temple of the Holy Spirit and at that moment of Baptism he began to live the life of grace and partake of the divine nature. He would be an heir to the kingdom of heaven. The life time pattern of his life was definitely set at this moment.

St. Thomas tries to picture the baptism transfiguration. He tells us that grace is an entitative habit which perfects the soul and enables it to live on a supernatural plane and partake of the very nature of God. Thomas pictures the divine nature as fire and the soul as iron. When you place iron in the fire, it becomes firelike and gives off light and heat and has many of the



properties of fire, yet the iron does not become fire but partakes of its nature. So with the soul. When it is immersed in divine grace, the soul does not become divine but partakes in the divine nature. And this transformation which begins with Baptism is intensified throughout one's entire life. I like to think of the change made in the soul at First Holy Communion time and at the time of every other Communion. St. Thomas tries to describe this, O sacred banquet in which Christ is consumed, the memory of His Passion is recalled, the mind is filled with grace and the promise of future life is given to us.

Father Haffey was fortunate to have been born in a truly Christian home where this life of the soul was valued and increased. He attended the local schools where he excelled in his studies. In 1924 he journeyed to Toronto to attend St. Michael's College. Here he earned a reputation in football, the debating society and in his studies. In 1927 he joined the Basilian Fathers and was trained in the exercises of the Religious Life by Father Wilfrid Sharpe. These practices were ordered to build Christian character and



to increase Christ likeness. Then followed the Seminary years and I like to think of the advantages we all enjoyed there. We were trained by Father Louis Bondy who was a student and a master of the spiritual doctrine of St. John of the Cross, Father Henry Bellisle who had mastered St. Augustine and Father Edmund McCorkell who had studied and loved St. Bernard. These men shared their learning and their holiness of life generously. And what a pleasure and privilege it was to be in their class rooms and to hear them discuss the religious life. They taught so effectively by what they were. Such training has furnished a solid basis for the religious life.

The second transformation came with Holy Orders. I must mention ynat Father Haffey was the first priest to be ordained from St. Mary's Parish in Welland. I like to think of Pope Pius XI's appreciation of the priesthood; "I have had many honors bestowed upon me during my life, but the greatest of all is the privilege I share with the most recently ordained priest." With ordination came those marvelous powers and privileges; to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and pray

—

"By this mystery of water and wine may we come to share in the divinity of Christ, who humbled himself to share in our humanity." Then there is that command to preach the word in season and out of season and to administer the other sacraments.

There are three chapters in the priestly life of Father Haffey. He began at St. Michael's College to use the pulpit and his teacher's desk to proclaim the word of God. In 1938 he began his fruitful years at Aquinas Institute where he taught Chemistry. Added to his teaching schedule was his directorship of the Mission Society. He taught Aquinas students their obligation to build the Church in mission lands. These students furnished the funds for the building of St. John Fisher Mission Church in Richmond, Texas, and helped much in building many of our mission chapels. He organized and directed the Aquinas lecture series which brought many scholars and authorities to Rochester to speak on the subject in which they had competence. He kept his books open through all these years and earned his Master's degree from Laval Université in 1939. His doctoral work was completed





in 1949 at the University of Ottawa. During the previous year Bishop Kearney invited the Basilian Fathers to open a College for men in Rochester. There would be a drive for funds to launch the undertaking. Father Haffey was the director of the drive and the early planning of St. John Fisher College which opened in 1951. Father chose the beautiful rolling terrain for the college. This site has proven ideal. When the second building was erected, a dormitory, the Board of Directors voted unanimously to name the building, Hugh Haffey Hall. A plaque in the entrance tells of his work in the founding of St. John Fisher College.

When his work was finished in Rochester, he was appointed to the University of St. Thomas which has been the scene of his effective work ever since. He organized the Education Department and taught on its staff for twenty years. During these years he trained many teachers for the Houston school system. He liked to follow the philosophy of education of St. Augustine, Maritain and President Hutchins of the University of Chicago. Dr. Hutchins lectured on the campus in the early days as a guest. Father Haffey



published a book with excerpts from the works of these men and used it as a text.

During many of the St. Thomas years he organized and directed the Mardi Gras. This was an effort to raise funds for the young institution. He had a charism for such activity. He brought many celebrities of the entertainment world to Houston and enjoyed being photographed with these men and ladies. These extravaganzas were enjoyed by all.

During all these years he helped in the Houston parishes. For nine years he assisted Father Flynn who established Corpus Christi Parish. He enjoyed every moment of this work which gave him an opportunity to speak to the people. He often loved to remind us that he had spent 45 years in Basilian classrooms and it is no small accomplishment to go to school for that length of time. We must mention that he missed only one day in the last semester. He went to the hospital the day before and was forbidden to leave for such a purpose. Through all the years he was faithful to his family who enjoyed his visits. He had thought of spending a few days with his sister at Christmas time. His health did not permit



this. The family was proud of his accomplishments in the priesthood.

The third transfiguration came on Tuesday, January 7th, 1975, at 11:00 P.M. at St. Joseph's Hospital when he departed this world. At that moment his life was changed, not taken away, and when the abode of his earthly sojourn was destroyed an eternal dwelling was prepared for him in heaven.

There is one point which Father Haffey would want me to stress at this moment. This final transfiguration is not complete until the last vestige of sin is removed. The soul must be completely purified or it would not be happy in the presence of God. This work must be carried on in Purgatory, and we on earth can help him with our prayers, our rosaries and our Masses. He would want me to ask you to continue to pray for him always.

I would like to think that at the close of this funeral Mass and the final prayers of the Church that we might ask the angels to lead him into Paradise and the martyrs to come and meet him, the Mother of God to whom he was so devoted to



welcome him, and all the saints of heaven among whom he will find his own father and mother and sister, Ilene. May Our Lord Jesus Christ be on hand to welcome him who has served well for 69 years of life, 47 as a Basilian Father and 43 years and 18 days in the priesthood. Eternal rest be unto him, O Lord and may he rest in peace.

(Homily preached by Father James Embser at the Funeral Mass of Father Hugh Haffey in St. Anne's Church, Houston at 7:30 p.m., Thursday, January 9, 1975. Transcribed from a copy deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers in Toronto)





Father Haffey taught to the very end of the last semester. He did miss the last class which afforded his students a study day. Yet he must have wondered frequently whether he could go on for another day. His health continually deteriorated through out the fall semester. He walked with a slower gait. His voice weakened and there were many signs that things were not well. Finally a month ago bleeding ulcers demanded hospitalization. He was in the intensive care unit for ten days and then was moved to a private room. All this time his condition became more serious and there were no signs of improvement. He seemed to lose ground each day. A heart condition developed which made it necessary for him to be taken to the heart unit where every beat of his heart was monitored.

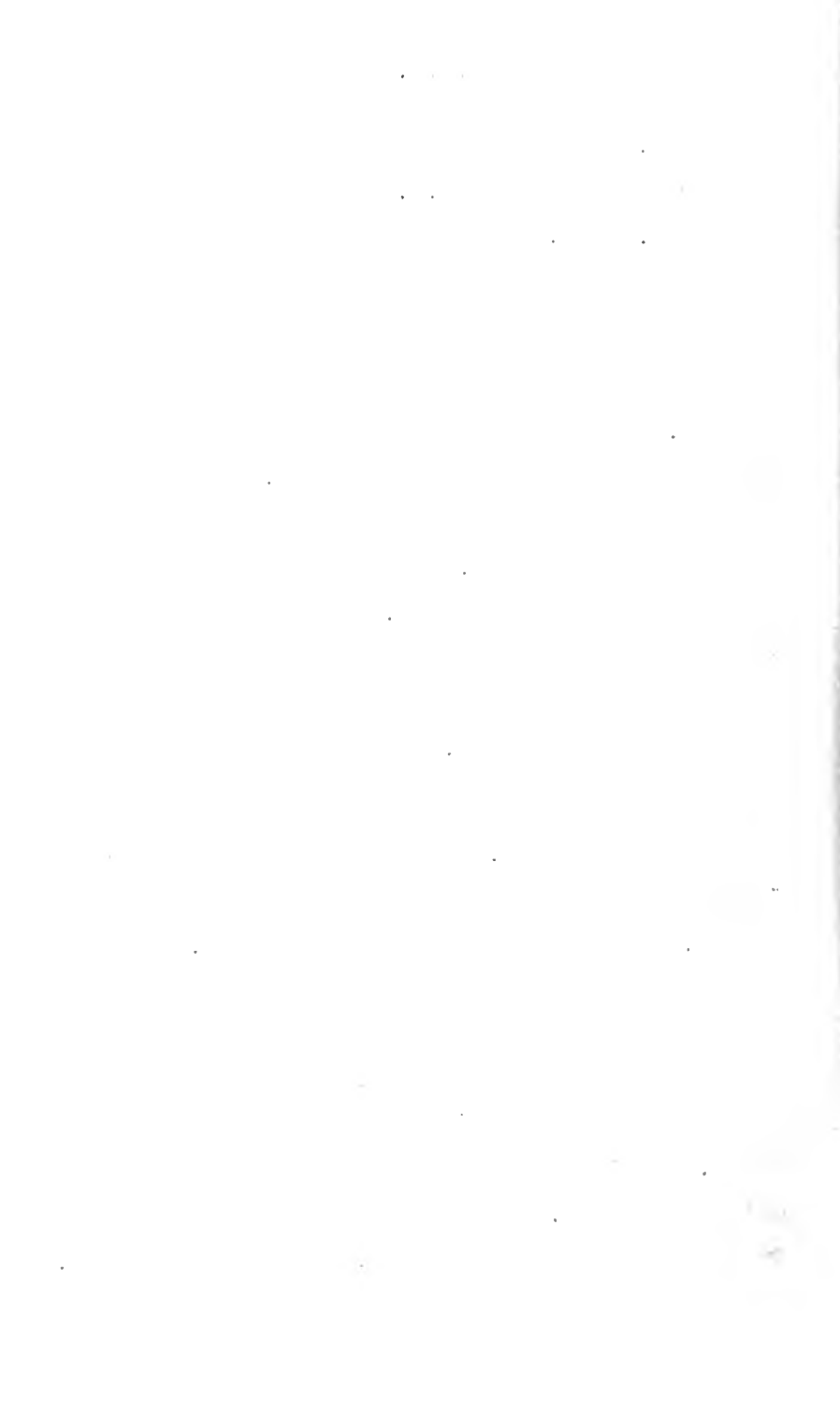
On Saturday, January 4th his sister, Loretto, was informed of his condition. She decided to come to Houston and arrived on Monday an hour after Father had lost consciousness. She maintained constant vigilance at his bed side to the extent that the regulations of the intensive unit permitted. On Monday the Doctor asked that a respiratory machine assist him with his



breathing. He did not regain consciousness and lived until 11:00 P.M. Tuesday evening, January 9, 1975.

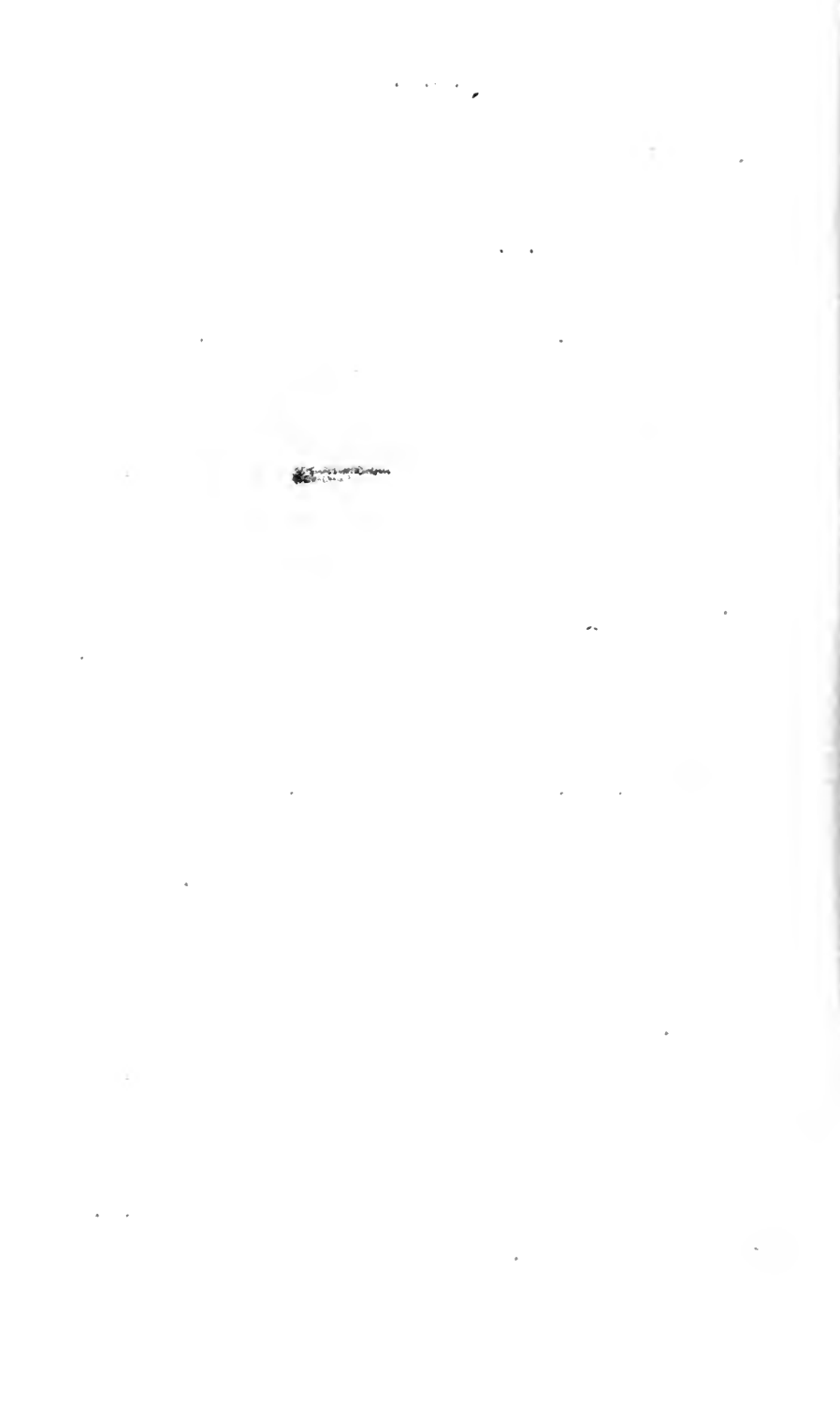
On the day of his death one of his non-catholic students suffered an attack of appendicitis and peritonitis and was rushed to the hospital for surgery. The hospital officials advised that he get in touch with his clergyman. He asked his Father to call Father Haffey whom he knew would come to see him. Father Victor Brezik filled in on this occasion. During the last semester this boy had assisted Father Haffey by operating the visual aids which Father loved to use and effectively.

A wake service was held in the students' chapel on Thursday evening. Father Brian Inglis conducted the service assisted by Fathers Patrick Braden, Victor Brezik and Joseph Meyers. A reception was held at the Basilian Fathers refectory afterwards which enabled those who attended to meet Mrs. Rundle. The funeral Mass was concelebrated on Thursday evening at 7:30 at St. Anne's Church, Bishop Morkovsky was the chief celebrant. Thirty-five priests from the University of St. Thomas, St. Thomas High School,



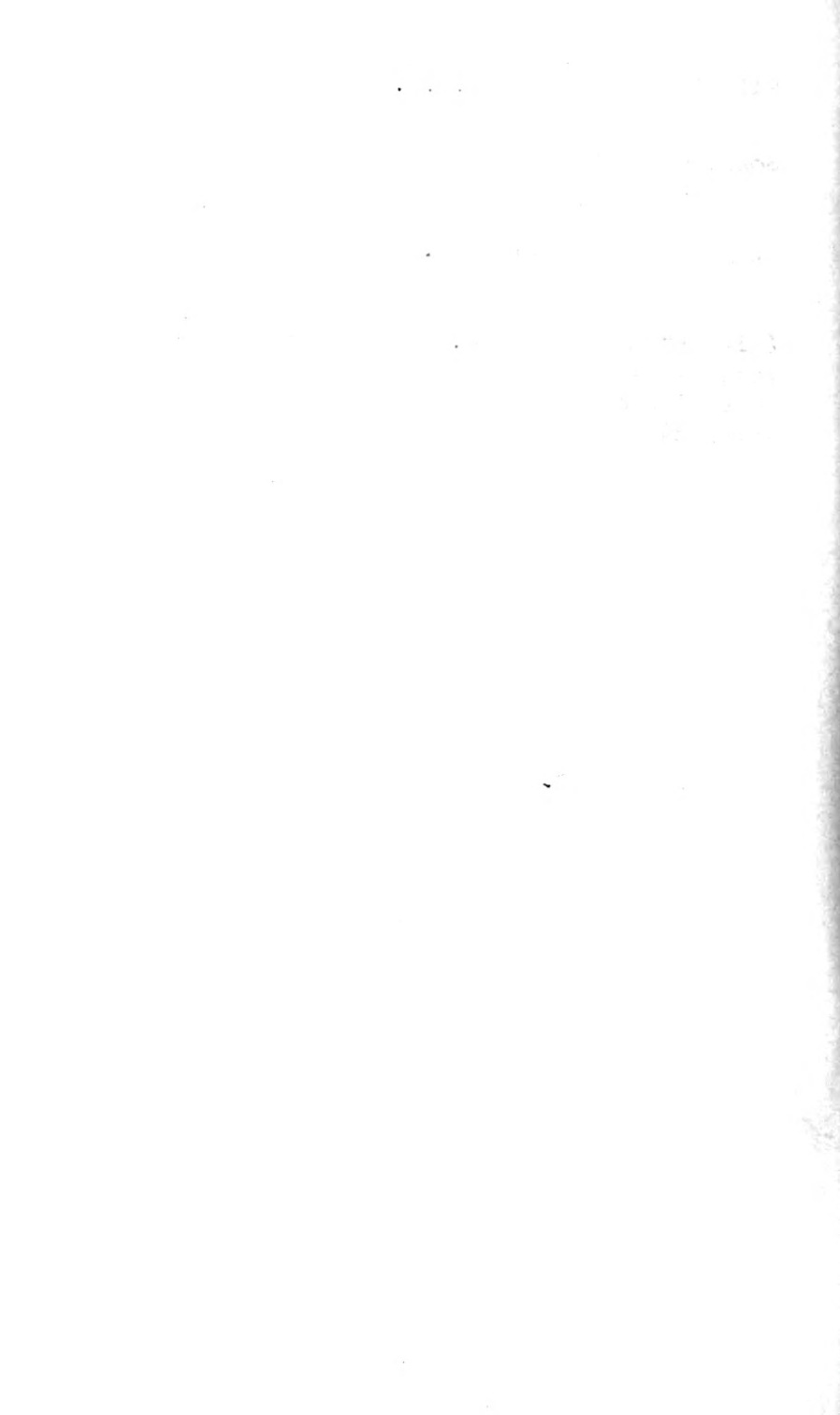
St. Anne's Church and the Basilian Mission Parishes celebrated with the Bishop. Fathers Patrick Braden E.P. "Jim" Magee, Father William Coughlin and Father Frank Burns did the readings. Father James W. Embser gave the Homily. Father James Hanrahan gave the final absolution prayers and remarked on Father Haffey's effort to greet him in a different way each time he met him. Father Haffey was always on the watch to discover new methods of teaching and presenting old material. He always searched for new methods to greet his friends and for whatever else he did. The Pall Bearers at the Houston Funeral were Fathers Joseph Meyers, Patrick Braden, Ken Decker, John Burke, Mr. Don Hogan and Dr. Knaggs whom Father Haffey had engaged to help train teachers and who always remained his true friend.

On Friday morning Father's body was taken to the airport to make his last trip into the North country, the destination being Rochester where Father Haffey had spent many fruitful years. Many of his relatives live in this area and would be able to attend the Rochester funeral, and among these would be Sister Ethelburge, C.S.J., his oldest sister. His work in Rochester and



Houston has been so organized that others have and will enter into it and carry it on. May eternal rest be his lot.

(Dittoed news release, composed by Father James Embser? Transcribed from the copy in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers in Toronto)





Behold a great priest who in his days pleased God.

Those of you who remember the Latin liturgy will recognize my text as the opening words in the Mass for a Confessor Pontiff. As I sought for words that might summarize the colorful life and character of Father Haffey, these words kept coming back to me. Father Haffey was great in physique, in energy, in laughter, in enthusiasm and in ideas. You never doubted that he was present in a group. You could hear his laugh everywhere. But he was always a Priest and he loved his priesthood.

It was my privilege to be in Father Haffey's first Chemistry class in 1932 at St. Michael's College School in Toronto, and then in his first Philosophy class in Cosmology in 1934 when he was drafted to substitute for a faculty member who was taken ill.

Many years later when I had become a Basilian I could dare to say <sup>to</sup> "Haff" that, in retrospect, his zeal for enthusiastic presentations exceeded his grasp of the subject! My remarks were not disputed, but greeted with his well know burst of laughter.



In recent years he has visited St. John Fisher College annually. It was always a joy to hear him relate the early days of the founding of the College. It was also a great joy to hear his joy and pride in the growth of the college "on the hill."

Mr. Daniel Kennedy, who will be a presenter of the gifts at the Offertory, and I urged Father Haffey to recall his memories of the beginnings of the College. Thank God, he completed these in 1972 and they have since been edited by Gerry Kennedy. It is our hope to publish these in tribute to him for the 25th anniversary of the beginning of the College. I shall quote from these memoirs in my remarks today.

Many of you here will recall one of our saintly Basilians, Father Tommie Moylan, whom I was privileged to attend until his death in April 1942. He had suffered from sleeping sickness since World War I. He suffered heroically and patiently and to us in the seminary he was an unbelievable inspiration. In spite of his sufferings he never lost his sense of humor. At his funeral, Father Henry Carr, Superior General, and predecessor of Father Edmund



McCorkell, who is here today, used words that I have never forgotten. He said, "To understand the death of a priest you must understand the life of a priest." I would like to repeat those words today as we gather to pay tribute to Father Haffey.

A priest's work is the work of Christ and his life the life of Christ. More than any others in the world he must make up in his own sufferings, as St. Paul says, what is wanting in the sufferings of Christ. As we well know, Christ is not wanting in anything except us - our love and our work for Him.

A priest's whole life is dedicated to the spread of God's kingdom on earth, to the growth among men - in their souls of the very life of God. Christ died for men; He rose from the dead; He chose from among men Special Ones; consecrated them to go out into the world to continue His work, to take His place and to bring His love to as many as possible. Such is the life of a priest. This is the theme of this Mass and the season of Christmas - light, love, radiance. But, let us not forget that it is not easy to be a priest for he is always a

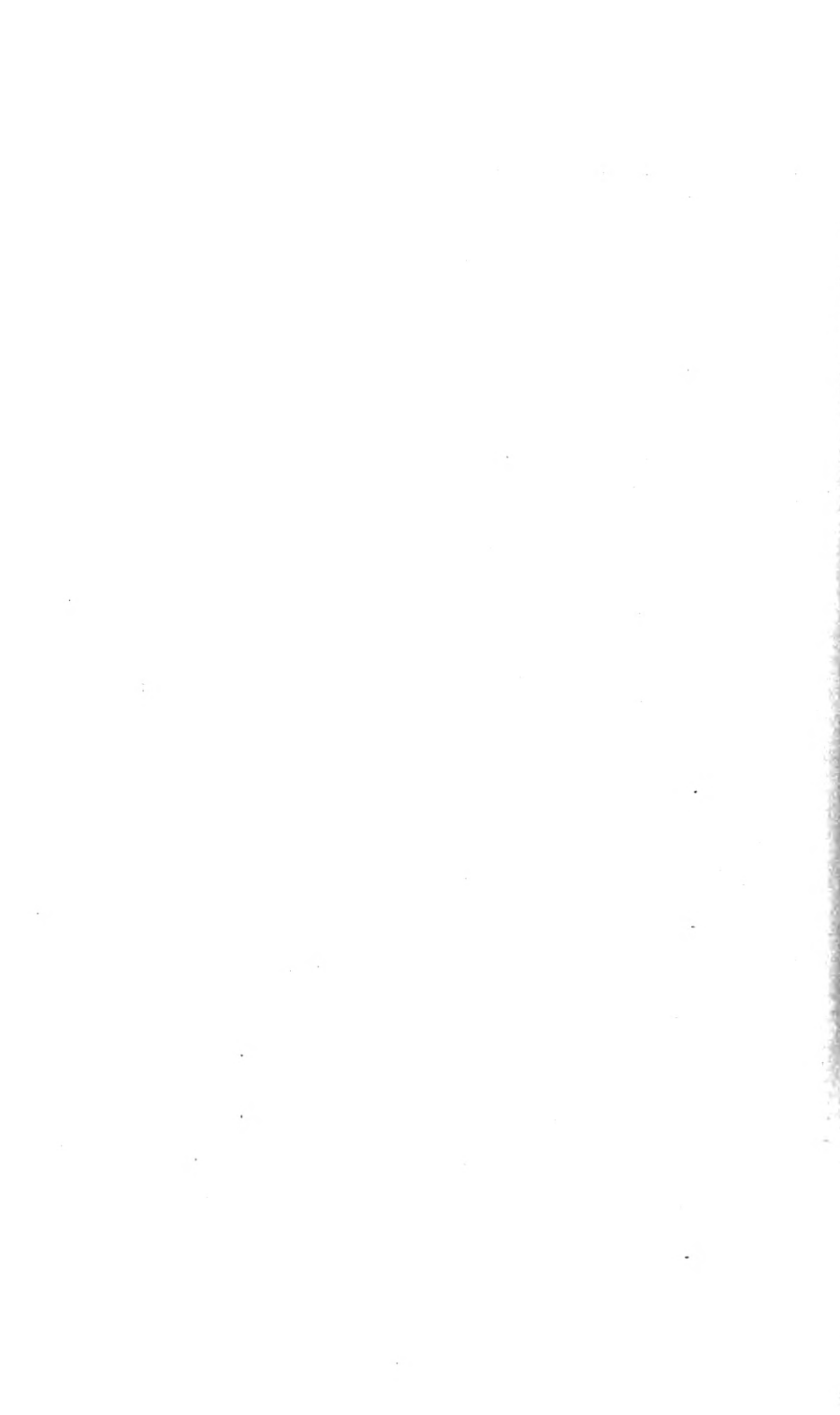


human being, a man. It is thus a great challenge to remain completely at the service of Christ and of others.

It is for a priest that we are gathered here today. Were he the greatest man in the world, his priesthood would be the most precious possession in him. Were he the most obscure, which Hugh Haffey could never be, he would still be a priest of God.

A priest needs no praise or embarrassing gifts. What he needs is that those committed to his care should by loving their fellow men more and more, prove that he has not given his life in vain. To me, Father Haffey has not; because you and I are here to give testimony that his life has touched each of us in a variety of ways. And there are hundreds of others in various parts of this country, whom God alone knows, have been influenced by his teaching and preaching throughout the years.

Father Haffey, as most of you know, was born in Welland, Ontario, a graduate of St. Michael's College in Toronto and was ordained there in 1931. He did graduate work at Laval University





in Quebec, Columbia University, and received his doctorate at the University of Ottawa.

God's providence governs all things and very often it is only late in life that we realize the beautiful weaving that God does with our lives. In Father Haffey's life, as I review it, this city was virtually the center of his priestly and dedicated life.

As I mentioned earlier, Father Haffey completed his reflections of the beginnings of St. John Fisher College two years ago. His amazing memory of names and dates include many of you who are here today at this Mass. His entire life and the circumstances of the many events in Rochester reveal a providential design which led to the founding of St. John Fisher College in 1948 and to the realization of a dream of his, which clearly comes from his days at St. Michael's in Toronto, and to his association with the subsequently Archbishop Alexandre Vachon of Ottawa, who came to the newly purchased site for the college and blessed the grounds during a visit to Father Haffey.

As his memoirs indicate, he and his mother



visited this city in his youthful days. As he himself said, "Ties with Rochester were easy to make." His cousins graduated from Aquinas, including Father Joe Haffey who is here today, and his aunt and uncle lived in Corpus Christi Parish.

When Father Haffey came with the Basilians to Aquinas in 1937 he came not as a stranger. From 1937 to 1949 he gave his entire energy to teaching chemistry, running the Mission Crusade, establishing the Christian Culture Series and in 1945 leading the project for the Aquinas Stadium.

In all these years he also served as a Chaplain to the Holy Angels Home on Winton Road. No matter how engaged he may have been in projects, each morning he took the bus from Aquinas to Holy Angels - no mean task on a wintry morning! St. Peter and Paul's each weekend; we who lived with him heard the sermon the week before and the week after!

Again in his memoirs one can see the hand of God weaving from St. Michael's and the great philosophers, Gilson and Maritain, came to the



Christian Culture Series here in this city where those eminent men spoke to this community. Hugh respected greatness and excellence. He loved to be with great men and minds, and to quote them. He was ever restless to speak and to write of excellence.

Many of you here today were responsible for the success of that Culture Series. In my judgment it was this movement that led Father Haffey and the Basilian Community to consider the establishment in 1947 and 1948 of St. John Fisher College. Again, so many of you led by Bishop Kearney and Monsignor Randall, assisted in the realization of a dream of Father Haffey - to have a college in this community bearing the name of St. John Fisher whose life he loved to relate so often.

Father Haffey went to Texas to the University of St. Thomas where he was active until recent weeks. It is so appropriate that today we should be burying him at his request in this city and from this parish of St. Thomas More. More and Fisher were canonized together and this parish was born in St. John Fisher College. The parish existed in our one building until 1958.



In 1971 Father Haffey took a sabbatical year from the University of St. Thomas and went to England to retrace the steps of St. John Fisher and to visit the colleges in which he had played such a role at Cambridge.

Father Haffey wrote of his visits to St. John's and Queen's Colleges. In the latter he was privileged to see the restricted and exclusive gallery in which hangs a portrait of St. John Fisher. Father Haffey's touch with history led him to ask the President of Queen's College, Cambridge, what he would say to a young St. John Fisher College in Rochester, New York. I quote now from Father Haffey's report of the response:

He paused, the carefully choosing his words and giving me time to exercise my amateur stenography, he said, "The secret of excellence lies in the provision of an environment in which people can truly learn, and above all, in which minds of excellence are laid open to the young. By environment I mean not only books and buildings, but more important than all these - professors, scholars who can choose the right people to teach.

As he spoke, I felt that he was, at this moment, "laying open his own mind of excellence" to this not-so-young auditor from the United States.





One of the striking facts of life, to me, is the brief obituary that is often given about a person who has been most prominent in life and done many things. If we live long enough and reach the scriptural seventy years we would be surprised at death if we could read our life story compressed into a few lines. This, to me, is the most important fact of life.

What counts ultimately is not what we have done - the books we may have written, the buildings we have built, nor the speeches, lectures and other things we may have done down the road to eternity. What counts when God calls us to eternity is not so much what we have done in life, <sup>but</sup> what has happened to us, to our soul in the course of life. What has happened to us through the circumstances that God weaved into our lives? Did the circumstances makes us greater persons in the image of Christ?

In his memoirs Father Haffey mentions the fact that his last official act at St. John Fisher College was the digging of the sod for the College. Then he was transferred to Detroit



and then to Houston. Humanly, this must have been difficult. But, in recent years as he visited the college of his dreams, he must have felt otherwise. Again I quote from his memoirs of St. John Fisher College.

Basilians take a vow of obedience to go and do the things deemed best by the Superior General. To the individual subject the good Lord gives the grace to be docile to the superior's decision. It was a pleasant experience for me to understand that my superiors were likewise being inspired and directed by grace. The past triumphal years of St. John Fisher's growth and development are witness to this divine aid. "There is a divinity that shapes our ends, Rough-hew them how we will."

These beautiful words typified to me the great priest I have been endeavoring to describe - a friend of yours and a close friend of mine. Above all, he was a great priest, and the concluding remarks of his memoirs I would like to quote.

I would single out the notion of compassion as the necessary distinguishing and continuing feature of the great college: compassion on the part of administration and teachers towards the students, and compassion on the part of students for each other. The beginning of St. John Fisher College became rooted in the compassion of Bishop Kearney. For him and for us the source and model of compassion is Jesus Christ.



These are the words of Father Hugh Haffey written in 1972. They are the words of a great teacher and, above all, a great priest.

May we today, in gratitude for his life and work in our midst, ask God, through the intercession of St. John Fisher and Thomas More, to grant him the eternal joys of his priesthood.

Homily given at the Funeral Mass of Rev. Hugh Haffey, C.S.B., in St. Thomas More Church, Rochester, N.Y., Saturday, January 11, 1975, by Father Charles J. Lavery, C.S.B., President of St. John Fisher College. Transcribed from a copy of the preacher's manuscript deposited in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers in Toronto.



Readings: Isaiah 8, 23-9, 3; I Cor. 1, 10-13;  
Matthew 4, 12-23

Today we celebrate an anniversary. This is a very human thing to do, something we are all familiar with. From a child's birthday party, to a wedding anniversary, to the bicentennial of a nation, to the entrance into eternal life of a saint, such celebrations of anniversaries mark out lives. But just because this is so familiar an experience to us, it is worth our pausing for a few moments to ponder on what it means.

For a child a birthday may seem to be just a chance for a party, an occasion for presents. For his parents an anniversary may be principally a time for memories. And both these aspects have truth in them. For us, as for a child, it is often good just to find an occasion to rejoice, to be happy together, to have a celebration. That can be worthwhile. It can brighten what seemed to be growing dull, enliven what was becoming slow, reinvigorate what was losing its strength. And of course, memory is one of the greatest of human gifts. We remember the past, and because of that we





can live more easily in the present. And paradoxically, past joys, recalled, can fill our eyes with tears, while past sorrows, remembered, somehow give us new strength.

Both these aspects, then - what we might call the "party" aspect and the "memory" aspect - are real and important. But they are not the main thing. For we do not rejoice because of the celebration; we celebrate because we rejoice, and we rejoice because we love. And the past we remember is not a dead past; it lives - lives in our present. So, what makes us celebrate is a living love. And so I ask you today to dwell on this for a time: what is it that we love here, and what does it mean for it to live?

What is it we celebrate today? The fiftieth anniversary of this parish. Yes, but what does that mean? What is a parish? And what is the living love that leads us to celebrate here?

We speak of the "parish priest". But the priest is not the parish and it is not the priest we celebrate today, although we celebrate, certainly, with the priests. We speak of the "parish" church. But the church building is not the parish, not what we celebrate. Priests are



needed, buildings are needed - the parish we celebrate is more than that. It is the People of God in this place, the Church, the Body of Christ living here. It is the communion of those who believe in Christ and pray to him here. It is the Word of God preached and heard here. It is the forgiveness of sins ~~whn~~ for us by Jesus and given to us here. It is the life given us here in baptism, our growth nourished here by His Body given for us. It is the love of Jesus living here that we celebrate.

In the Gospel today we read that Jesus "went down to live Capernaum by the sea, near the territory of Zebulum and Naphtali", and St. Matthew sees in that the fulfillment of the prophetic vision of Isaiah: "A people living in darkness has seen a great light. On those who inhabit a land overshadowed by death, light has arisen." So, in 1925, Bishop Byrne decided that the west end of the city of Houston, south of Buffalo Bayou, needed a new parish, so that Jesus could live here and his light shine here. He appointed Father John O'Reilly to organize the new parish of St. Anne.

At that time there were known to be about twenty-



five Catholic families in the parish, although only about ten people showed up at an organization meeting called by the new pastor. But plans went ahead. A property was acquired - about two and a half acres at Westheimer and McDuffie, three blocks east of here - and a frame farm house was pressed into service, one part being used as the church and the other as the priest's house.

Beginnings are often difficult, and it was so here. But the Body of Christ grew here. There are parishioners here today who can remember those times and tell you of them. Money was needed, and effort needed to raise it; but with the effort interest grew and the numbers increased, and a sense of the parish community could be felt more and more.

In April, 1928, Father O'Reilly resigned as pastor. Bishop Byrne turned then to the Basilian Fathers at St. Thomas College, then situated downtown. The arrangement with the Basilians was an informal one at first, but in August the Bishop formally requested them to take the parish. Father John Glavin was named the first Basilian pastor.



The Gospel says of Jesus that "He taught in their synagogues, proclaimed the good news of the kingdom." That is the first way in which his light showed itself in the darkness; by his preaching and teaching. That was also the way his light shone here. We can see three aspects of it.

First, there was the Christian assembly, the gathering of the People of God to hear his Word at Mass. Father Glavin's first report on the parish, made in October, 1928, gives a picture of its situation then. "Since the first of September", he wrote, "I have gone over the census records of the parish and have added to it what families I could locate within the parish limits ... On record we have 216 families, and 8 individuals likes nurses, etc. with residence in the parish. There are 118 children between the ages of six and twelve inclusive. I am of the opinion that there are thirty or forty families that we have not yet located." Already, therefore, new accomodations were needed in the face of increasing numbers. "The place we are using for a church", Father Glavin wrote,





"will seat about 110 people. I would judge that about half the people cannot attend Mass here on Sunday."

On Monday, October 8, 1928, therefore, Father Glavin called a meeting of the parish. "A financial board was elected", and with the advice of this board and vigorous efforts to improve the finances of the parish, he was able to get Bishop Byrne's approval, before the end of that year, to purchase nine and a half acres at the northwest corner of Westheimer and Shepherd for some \$50,000. In the following year a hall was built to serve as a temporary church. The old frame church was also moved to the new site to serve as a rectory. In the building of the hall it was decided to use the Spanish-mission style that has since been continued.

The hall served as a church for several years. After 1932, however, a new pastor, Father Thomas P. O'Rourke, soon saw that it would not be long before the hall was quite inadequate. He undertook the construction of the permanent Church. St. Anne's church, as he conceived it, was not just to be the place in which the Gospel could



be heard, but also should itself be an instrument of teaching. And so the present building, with all its symbols of the Faith, took form. It was completed in 1940 under Father Glavin who, in that year, returned for his second term as pastor. Since then it has stood as a house of prayer and instruction.

The second aspect of Christ's work of teaching in St. Anne's was the school. Father Glavin's report of 1928 also emphasized this. The people were eager to have a school by the following year, but it proved impossible to open until September, 1930. By that time a school building and convent had been erected, and from that time until last year the Sisters of Divine Providence taught in the School. The parish of St. Anne owes to these Sisters an immense debt of gratitude for their long-continued service to Catholic education. Today, under the principalship of Father Edwin Kline, the school continues this work.

The third aspect of Christ's teaching here was the work of the priests in the parish. In another report, in 1932, Father Glavin urged that



there should be three priests working in the parish, which now numbered some 450 families. "There is", he wrote, "a great amount of work to be done in the church, school and rectory; but there is much more to be done in the homes. A good priest can do much for what is ordinarily called a good home, by visiting the people there and by many good suggestions helping them to know, love and serve God better. Every family needs some attention, but ... some, I might say, need very special attention. In a great number of cases it would mean giving a whole course of instruction. If there were three priests here in this parish, they would have more teaching to do than any three men ever had to do in a school."

So the teaching of Christ was given here, to the people gathered at Mass, in the school and in the homes. But the Gospel tells us that Jesus did more than teach; he also acted. He "cured the people of every disease and illness." And that action of Jesus was also continued here in the Mass and the sacraments.

Indeed, the very purpose of all instruction in



rhw xhuexh ia ro bring us closer to the saving action of Christ, and it is a sign of the success of the teaching of its priests, sisters and others that St. Anne's has had a remarkable sacramental tradition. That continued to be built under Father Joseph Walsh from 1942 to 1947, Father Daniel Forestell in 1947-48, Father A. Leland Higgins from 1948 to 1950, and Father John Glavin again from 1950 to 1958. Father Lawrence Lacey, pastor from 1958 to 1964, used especially to marvel at the numbers who received the Body of Christ in Holy Communion. He had had a good deal of experience elsewhere, and he found the practice here extraordinary. In that, and rightly, he saw the result of much good work done in the past. The same could be said of the long tradition of St. Anne's as to the healing sacrament of Penance, as well as the care of the sick.

Thus in many ways the life of Christ has grown here over these fifty years. The result is the living People of God here. Perhaps the best sign of that life may be found in the very real sense of community to be found here. On this the words of St. Paul to the Corinthians, in





today's second reading, are especially apt: "I beg you, brothers, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to agree in what you say. Let there be no factions; rather, be united in mind and judgment." I know that the development of this unity in Christ has been a major concern of Father Francis Monaghan as pastor here from 1964 to 1973, and now of Father William Coughlin. No doubt, here as in Corinth, there have been differences and disagreements. But let us not be deceived. There has also been, and more much deeply present, a real union in Christ.

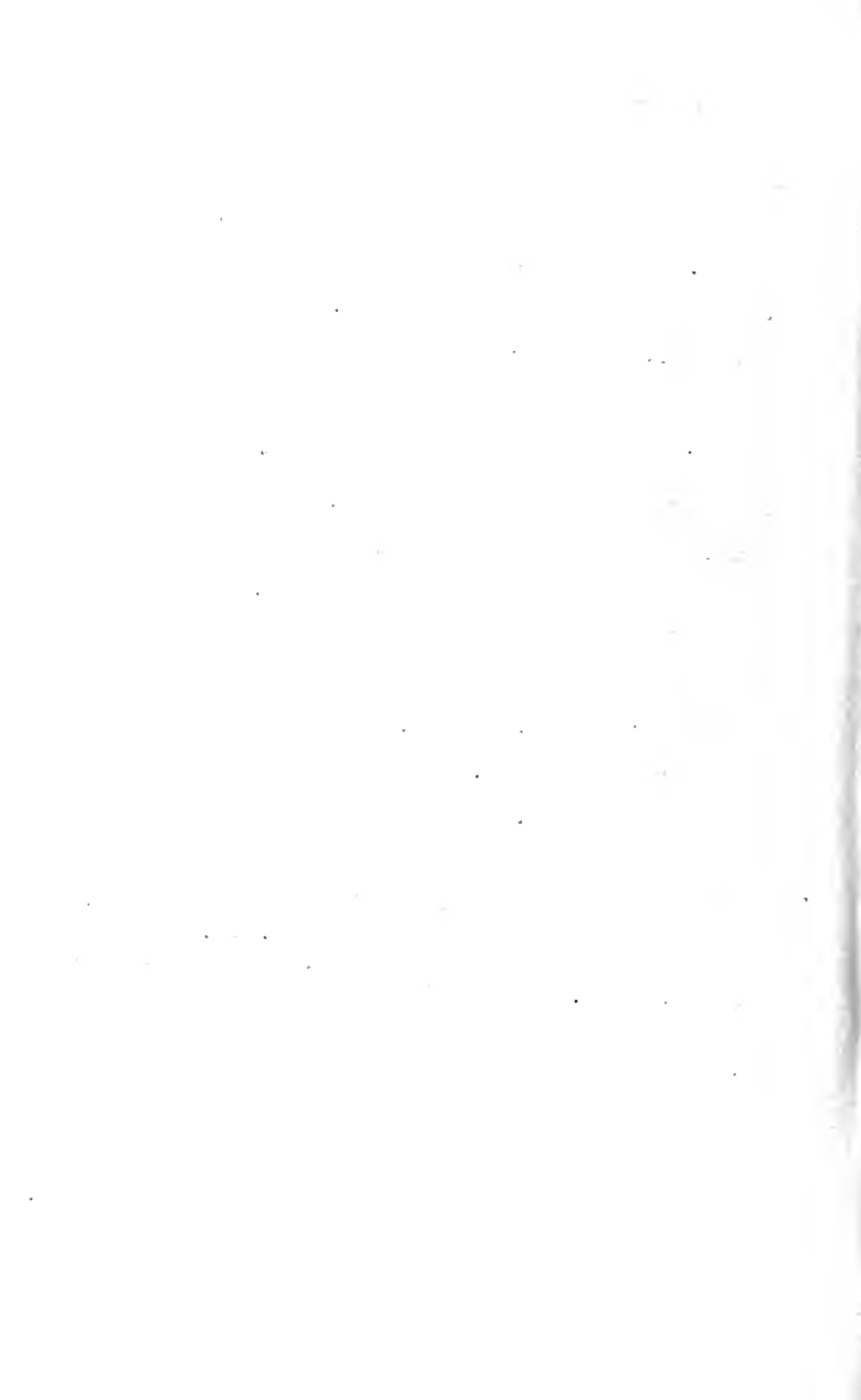
Finally, all this teaching and action and communion in Christ has been fruitful. In the Gospel, Jesus called Peter and Andrew and James and John to come after him to be fishers of men. That call has been heard also by many in St. Anne's. Vocations to the priesthood and the religious life have been numerous. But also it has been heard in other ways as well. It was from St. Anne's that the first Basilian missionaries went out in the 1930's, and the parish has been notably generous to these Missions, as Father Leland Higgins would gladly bear witness, ever since then. And the fruitfulness of the



life of Christ has been shown also in the establishment of neighbouring parishes - St. Michael's and St. Vincent's - to take on areas that became too large to be contained here. And in recent years that fruitfulness has been seen again in the development of ecumenical relations in the parish.

And so today we can say to God, with the Prophet Isaiah in the first reading: "You have brought us abundant joy and great rejoicing." We rejoice at the living love of Christ shown in so many ways over fifty years and still found in His People here at St. Anne's. We celebrate and we remember all this. And for it all we give our thanks to God.

(Homily preached at the Fiftieth Anniversary Celebration Mass in St. Anne's Church, Houston, by Very Reverend James Hanrahan, C.S.B., Superior General of the Basilian Fathers, on Sunday, January 26, 1975. Transcribed from a copy in the General Archives of the Basilian Fathers in Toronto)



Readings: Wisdom 3: 1-9; I Thessalonians 4: 13-18; Matthew 11:25-30

The Word of God invites us today to consider the life and death of Father Donald Faught. A man has died; a priest has died; a son, a brother, a confrere, a colleague, a teacher, a friend has died and we gather here for his funeral. Our thoughts must be filled with his life and his death; we remember him - our minds are still somewhat in shock at the suddenness of his death, but we can still chuckle a bit as we recall his enthusiasms, we can still wonder at the sharpness of mind he brought equally to his work and his recreation, we can reflect thoughtfully on the deep faith he showed in his life as a priest, we can shake our heads a bit ruefully when we think of how exasperating it could be to argue with him - we remember him, certainly, but I think the Word of God we have just heard tells us that that is not enough.

Each of these readings has pointed to a danger of failing to understand. Each of them speaks to us of an aspect of Father Faught's life. And each of them has a message for each of us today.



The Gospel reading states the first difficulty. I suppose we could safely say that Father Donald Faught was a learned man - for some twenty years he headed the University's Department of Mathematics and he published books and learned articles - and incontestably he was a clever man, gifted with a quick analytical mind that delighted in study and teaching, made him formidable in administration and committee work, found pleasure in sharp competition at the bridge table. He was learned and clever - but in the Gospel Jesus exclaimed:

I bless you Father, Lord of heaven and earth, for hiding these things from the learned and clever and revealing them to mere children.

What does this mean? What is Jesus saying here? How does it relate to Father Faught's life? And how does it relate to all of us here - for I suppose that there are a good many here who could be described as learned and clever.

I don't think that Jesus is condemning learning or cleverness. He was no obscurantist. But He rejoices in the fact that the basic truth, the saving truth He came to reveal to us is given to all. The only requirement is a child-like

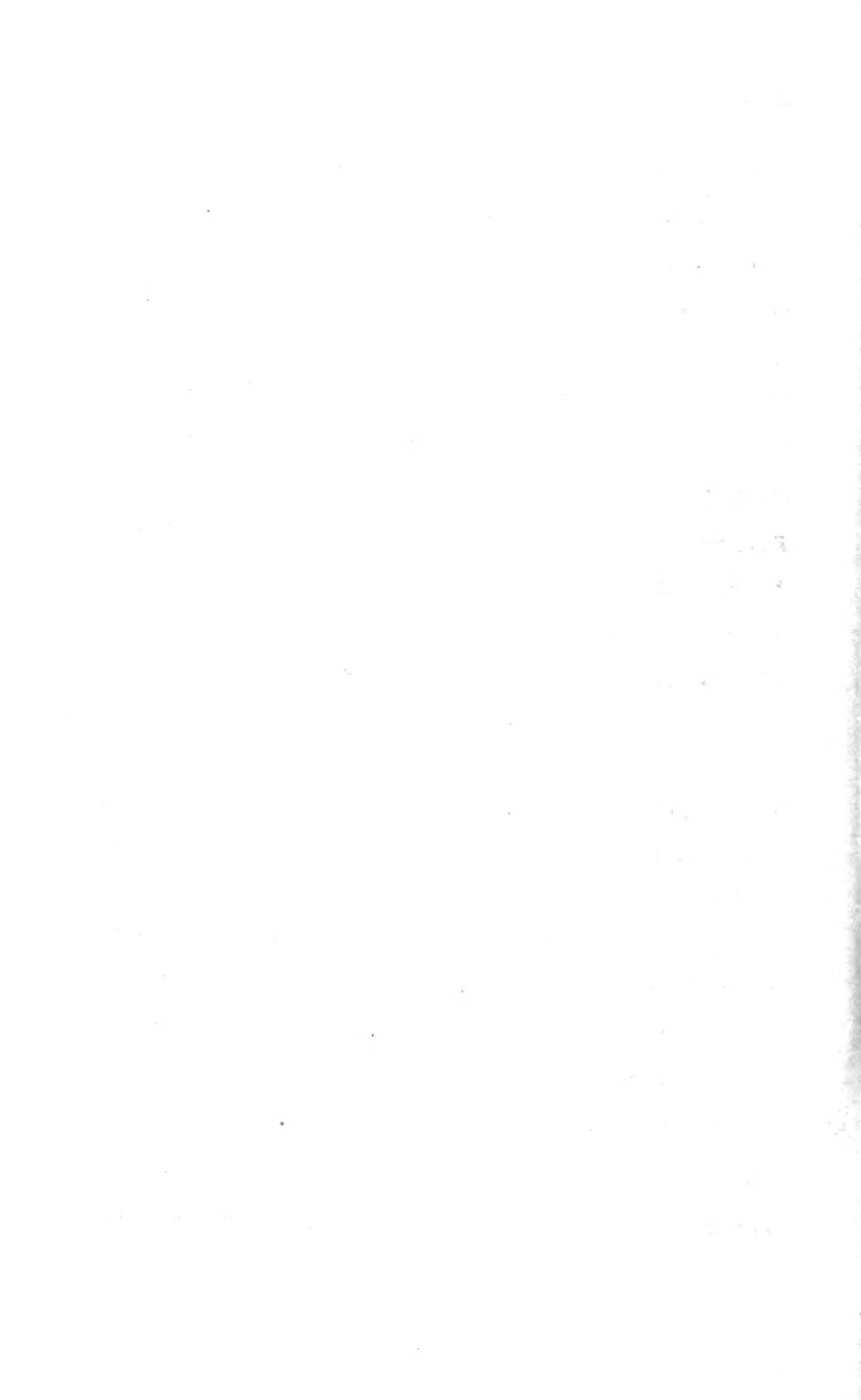




willingness to learn that we can describe as openness, simplicity, poverty of spirit. The temptation of the learned and clever is to rely on their own learning, their own cleverness. And by counting on their intellectual wealth they become lost in their own complexity, closed off from the fundamental truth of Christ.

That is the temptation of the learned and clever. Father Faught undoubtedly faced it. But I think those who knew him best would be confident that he was not overcome by it. For despite his learning, despite his cleverness, he was a remarkably simple man. I say "despite his learning, despite his cleverness" but I don't think that is really accurate. I think it could really be said that the heart of his learning and the root of his cleverness lay in his simplicity, his capacity for striking to the simple center of a problem or an issue. But that is not all I mean here by his simplicity. What I mean may be illustrated by two special features of the man - his love of home and family.

He was born in North Bay and he never lost his attachment to the north country. Last November



I had the opportunity of driving with him from Toronto to Sudbury for the funeral there of Father William Nigh, with whom he had worked here for many years. It was a fascinating experience. At the beginning of the drive his mind was still occupied with the concerns of his work here, the University, the book he was working on. The country we were driving through was irrelevant. But as we got further north the country began to dominate. He spoke of the land, of its geology, of his own experiences with it; he spoke of the people, their history, their problems, of his interest in our Basilian schools in Sudbury and Sault Ste. Marie, of the good work Father Nigh had done in Sudbury in his last years, the qualities of the students he had sent on to University, and of his own hopes to have an active retirement himself. It was the conversation, certainly of a learned and clever man, but even more of a simple man.

And his family! Among Basilians he stood out for his devotion to his family. For his mother especially he showed great concern and great love, visiting her frequently in Toronto. And



this family piety was intimately related to his faith. For the family has been the cradle of that faith and his realtions to it could not be speparated from his relation to Christ. That he died on a holiday could not be described as typical of him - this was the only academic sabbatical he had ever had - but that his mother was with him was very typical. That fact expresses something of the simple heart of the man.

So for each of us there is a lesson here. It is the lesson of a simplicity which is not alien to the scholar or the professor but rather is the guarantee of the professor's humanity and, what is more, is the necessary condition for receiving more, for reciving that which the Father has hidden from the learned and clever and has revealed to mere children.

And what that truth is and means is stated by St. Paul in our second reading. Paul too was writing about death. He urged the Thessalonians not to grieve about those who had died "like the other people who have no hope." The fruit of faith is hope for:



We believe that Jesus died and rose again, and that it will be the same for those who have died in Jesus: God will bring them with him.

Such hope is a consolation in the face of death; more than that, it is a guide for life. It was the guide for Donald Faught when as a young man just finished high school, he entered the Basilian Fathers; he followed it to his ordination as a priest in 1940 and his priestly work ever since.

St. Paul spoke of those who have no hope. Certainly there are many such today. Our secular world tends to be torn by anxieties, troubled by violence and fear. So, again, there is a fundamental lesson to be learned here by all of us. It is the lesson of faith and of hope, whatever the appearance of things may be. And on this the first reading has more to say.

The Book of Wisdom speaks of "the eyes of the unwise" that look on life and death and think to understand, but do not. The problem is a basic one. The eyes of the unwise view reality "as men see it"; they judge by appearances, fail to appreciate God's action, God's will, God's





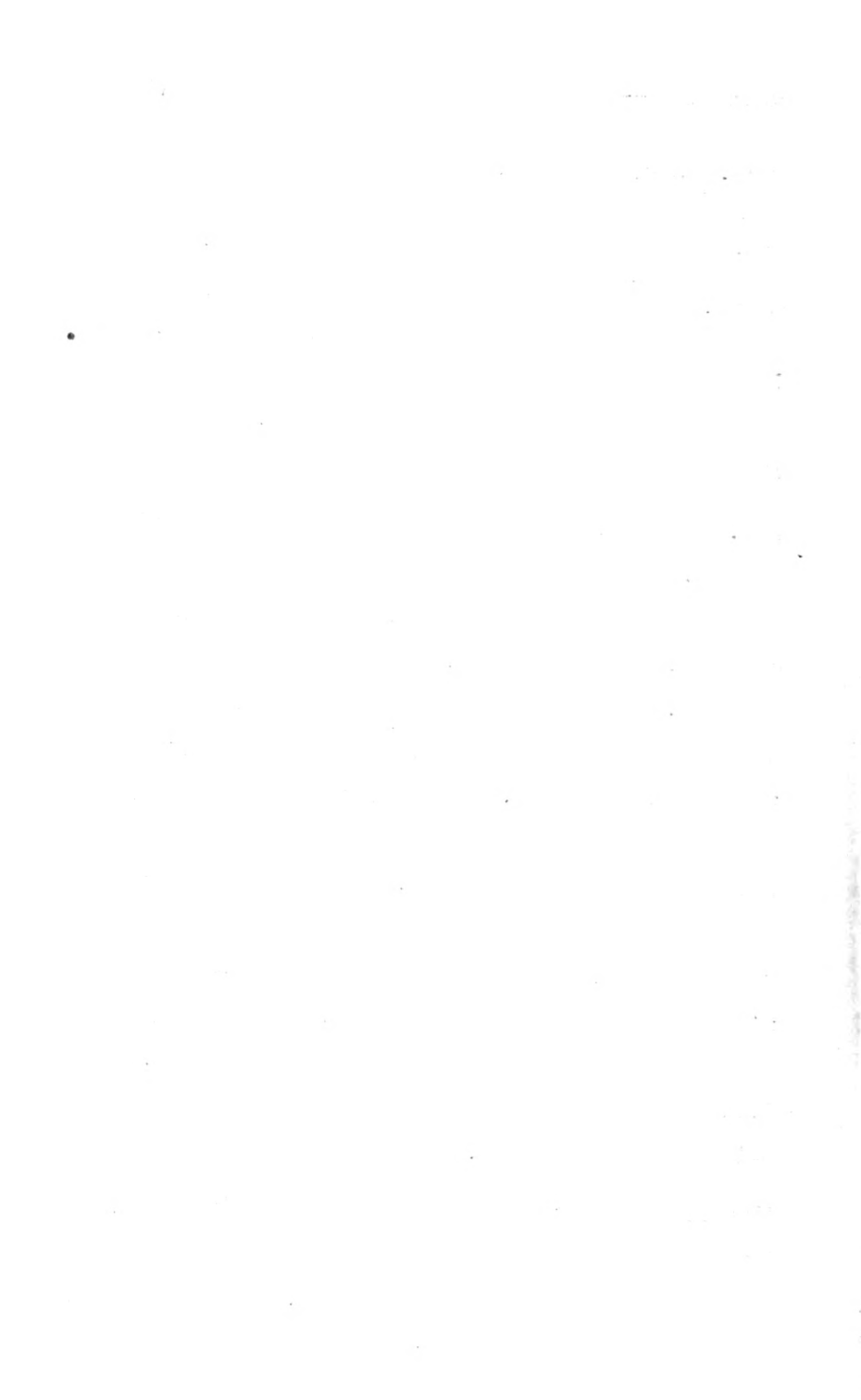
love. Listen again:

In the eyes of the unwise, they did appear to die, their going looked like a disaster, their leaving us, like annihilation; but they are in peace. If they experienced punishment as men see it, their hope was rich in immortality.

It is so easy to be deceived by appearances, so hard to see truth as God sees it. That is the first danger of failing to understand.

But, at once, this also speaks to us of Father Faught. His life was taken up with the effort of understanding the truth. He liked the discipline, the structure, the precision of mathematics. He enjoyed it as a game - that was what he liked about bridge - but it was more than a game to him. The clarity, the beauty of mathematics he always saw as pointing to a clarity and beauty far beyond. And the usefulness of mathematics - which was the theme of the volumes he collaborated on last year - was a means of serving his neighbour. Truth is one - that could have been the motto of his life. Truth is one; it begins and ends in God but embraces all reality.

The consequences of that, for him, were many. It made him a priest and a teacher. It affected his conception of the University, its structure,



its role in society. Truth is one; to understand any aspect of it is to enter a divine mystery, but only if we do not let ourselves be shut off from it. Specialization is necessary, but it must not mean isolation or division; it is the instrument by which co-operatively we approach truth and therefore approach unity. And that is, I think, what each of us must take away from here, an insight into the unity of truth. For if we do then we shall not fail to understand the meaning of Father Faught's life for we shall be judging not with the eyes of the unwise, seeing not just as men see but seeing the whole truth, seeing his life as in the hands of God; we shall find that truth that is hidden from the learned and clever and given to the simple and child-like; we shall be filled with hope, believing

That Jesus died and rose again, and that it will be the same for those who have died in Jesus: God will bring them with him.

(Homily preached by Father James Hanrahan at the Funeral Mass of Father Donald Faught in Assumption Church, Windsor, February 24, 1975. Transcribed from a copy of the preacher's manuscript in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers in Toronto.)



Genesis gives us two accounts of creation: the account in chapter I which has just been read, and which is called the "priestly" or "theological" account, and a second in chapter 2 which is described, though not 'adequately' as the Yahwistic account.

The difference between the two accounts, it seems to me, is that the first one is, in its perspective, God-centered; and the second, (which I hope you will read for yourselves) is man-centered. This difference can be seen by simply juxtaposing two passages (one from each chapter) dealing with the same subject.

In the first chapter we read: "God created man in the image of himself, in the image of God he created him, male and female he created them." The perspective here focusses on God's action in his act of creation, that is, it is God-centered. It simply tells us that God made us all, not indeed as other Gods — reproductions of himself — but as images of himself.

In the second account we read: "Yahweh God said, it is not good that the man should be alone. I will make him a helpmate." The emphasis in this statement from the second account focusses on



on man's loneliness and his needs, and is man-centered rather than God-centered.

I don't present these differences in order to show that one perspective is right and the other wrong, but only to be able to say that the first perspective - the God-centered one - is the more basic, and that it is the right kind of perspective to dwell upon when we reflect, as we do on the occasion of the death of a man, on what it is most important to have done in the course of one's life, and on what comes closest to fulfilling God's purpose in putting us here at all.

The reading from Genesis 1, seems to tell us that God challenged man to assume a certain mastery over himself and over the universe, "God blessed them, saying to them, 'Be fruitful, multiply, fill the earth, and conquer it.'"" This is a challenge to fill the earth and to conquer it, or perhaps better, not only to fill the earth but to conquer it as well. This challenge can only too easily be minimized, reduced to mean the mere reproduction of the human species. But conquering implies much more than reproducing, it implies carrying on as long as the species





survives the very act of divine creation itself. It means, for man, becoming God's vicar in constantly continuing, improving, perfecting, completing the great work which God set in motion when he performed the mysterious and incomprehensible creative act which the author of Genesis struggles so eagerly, beautifully and reflectively to portray.

What I have been doing thus far is making the case for human activity in terms of the theology of Genesis 1. The same case has been made, certainly better than I can make, in the third chapter of Vatican II's The Church in the Modern World. Only, Vatican II did not really come to grips with this truly tremendous opening chapter of the Bible - probably because the Council Fathers were not actually composing a homily, that is, were not functioning within Liturgy. The point in dwelling here on the integrity of human activity, is that it explains so much of John Murphy's life which was busy, harried and centered on God. So I ask you to bear with me while I disturb this Liturgy by recalling some of Father Murphy's human activity, and particularly those aspects of this activity in which he



was extending God's work of creation, first, into his own education, then into the pioneering of Catholic Colleges, and thirdly into the directing of souls into the life of Christ.

John Murph's early education was acquired - by strong personal endeavour - from his Woodslee family, the Woodslee Continuation School, and the Assumption College of the late 20's. His mind was open and receptive, and his personality took him to others, and drew others to him. He was graduated from University in 1931, and he took his first vows as a Basilian in 1932. At this stage, that is when I first knew him, he wanted very much to give himself to scholarship, and in easier days he would have had the opportunity of doing so. But the years were troubled ones for the Basilians. Not troubled in the sense of being unsettled as more recently during the 60's and 70's, but troubled by over-expansion and by the exhausting calls of the faithful everywhere for more and ever more priests and teachers. John was caught up into the up-drafts of emergency. He acquired his BA in 1931 and he was ordained in 1935. Between these two dates he made his novitiate, took a year of teacher



training at the Ontario College of Education, covered a four year programme of theology, and was assigned incidental teaching in high-school. As I stand here and relate it, I say to myself that it can't be done. But it was done, and by John Murphy. Moreover, he never seemed to be too busy to talk and cheer his friends with the quips and quaint verbiage which most of us believed he had learned at Assumption from those old masters, Fathers Edward Tighe and Vincent Guinan. At any rate it was a unique verbiage, one not shared by even his brother Stanley. John had, indeed, tremendous capacity, and, for all his talking, was a hard worker. Moreover he was a well-read young man, and he was a good religious, who deeply loved the liturgy, and loved to sing it.

When Father Murphy was ordained, he was sent right into teaching, and between 1936 and 1944, he was one of the most successful teachers in St. Michael's College School, Toronto, and Aquinas Institute, Rochester. While teaching in these schools, he took his MA and PhD degrees by summer courses and extra-murally at the University of Ottawa. His doctoral thesis was entitled,



"Nature in the Works of Francis Thompson", an excellent and gratifying piece of work done computer-style on a poet who (as Father Murphy used to jest) had conveniently confined all his writings to one volume with the result that they could be carried about in a bag on Sunday work. I can only think that God was pleased to see John Murphy take his education into his own hands. His remains a striking case of self-creation.

In 1944 the period of self-creation was over and John turned to creative pioneering work in fashioning Catholic institutions. The work of creating institutions equally fulfills the processes established by God and set forth in principle in the first chapter of Genesis. The word "institution" is not in as much favour today as it once was, perhaps because institutions are thought to be somewhat static rather than the expanding manifestation of God's activity in man's making of society itself. Be this as it may, much of John's life and creativity was exercised in this context. From 1944 to 1950 he worked here at Assumption College as professor of English and later also as College





registrar in the Windsor arm of the University of Western Ontario. Though these were the pre-expansionary years when the University of Windsor, as we know it today, was, as it were, still truggling to be born. John's concern was to build the institution by being a superb professor, which he was, and by mastering, for himself and for those who were to succeed him, the secretarial and registerial techniques without which no modern university, could expect to grow, or no contemporary institution fulfill its proper role in God's plan for creation.

From the registrar's office at Assumption, Father Murphy was moved in 1950 to Rochester as President of St. John Fisher College. If you consult the Basilian Annals for 1950-51 (page 280 of volume one) you will find there the bland one-line entry "Rev. John F. Murphy, President." The planning of the college was, of course, well advanced before he came along, land had been acquired, an architect engaged. But there was no building, no religious house, no domus formata, no faculty, no college in re. John's assignment was to establish himself as the human centre about which a staff was to



gather, around which walls were to rise up, and over which a roof was to be lowered. Something of the genius of the man began to show when in 1951 a sort of "instant college" appeared with John as Superior and President, and with nine other Basilians and a group of founding lay-professors as radial arms within his circumference. The Basilian personnel included, besides the new superior and president, Fathers John O'Meara, Francis Ruth, John Onorato, Adolore Houde, Robert Flood, Clarence Drouillard, Russell Pendergast, John McReavy.

The Annals for 1951-52, however, make clear that the venture was but tenuously beginning. To snatch a few sentences from page 16 of volume two, I note that "the first freshman class enrolled at St. John Fisher College has 110 students, one of whom is only taking part time," that "tuition is \$500", that "local appointments include: Dean, Father John O'Meara; Librarian, Father Robert Flood", that "during the first year 20 courses are being offered", and that "the building is still incomplete, but the third floor has been finished enough to allow its use for lectures." The entry, although it continues



a little longer, does not reveal how the founding faculty and the founding students ever got up to the third floor.

Father Murphy remained at St. John Fisher until 1958 when he was succeeded by the current president, Father Charles Lavery. Father Lavery has seen John Fisher grow into one of the finest colleges in the United States, one no longer to be described as a pioneering institution because it has now grown academically strong, physically large, and intellectually healthy. If Father Lavery were pressed, he would admit that the source of the college's strength has been the solid friendships that have grown up between the collegium and the citizenry of Rochester. Many of the friendships were of Father Murphy's making.

What Father Murphy did for St. John Fisher College and which few others of his time could have accomplished, was to initiate a most ambitious undertaking, and to sustain it from his infinite reserve of Christian hope. The texts of Vatican II repeatedly remind us that what the Church needs today is more and ever more enrichment from the theological virtue of hope. John



Murphy has always (as those who have anywhere worked under him or with him or over him will affectionately confirm) moved under the compulsion of hope, and it has always sustained him.

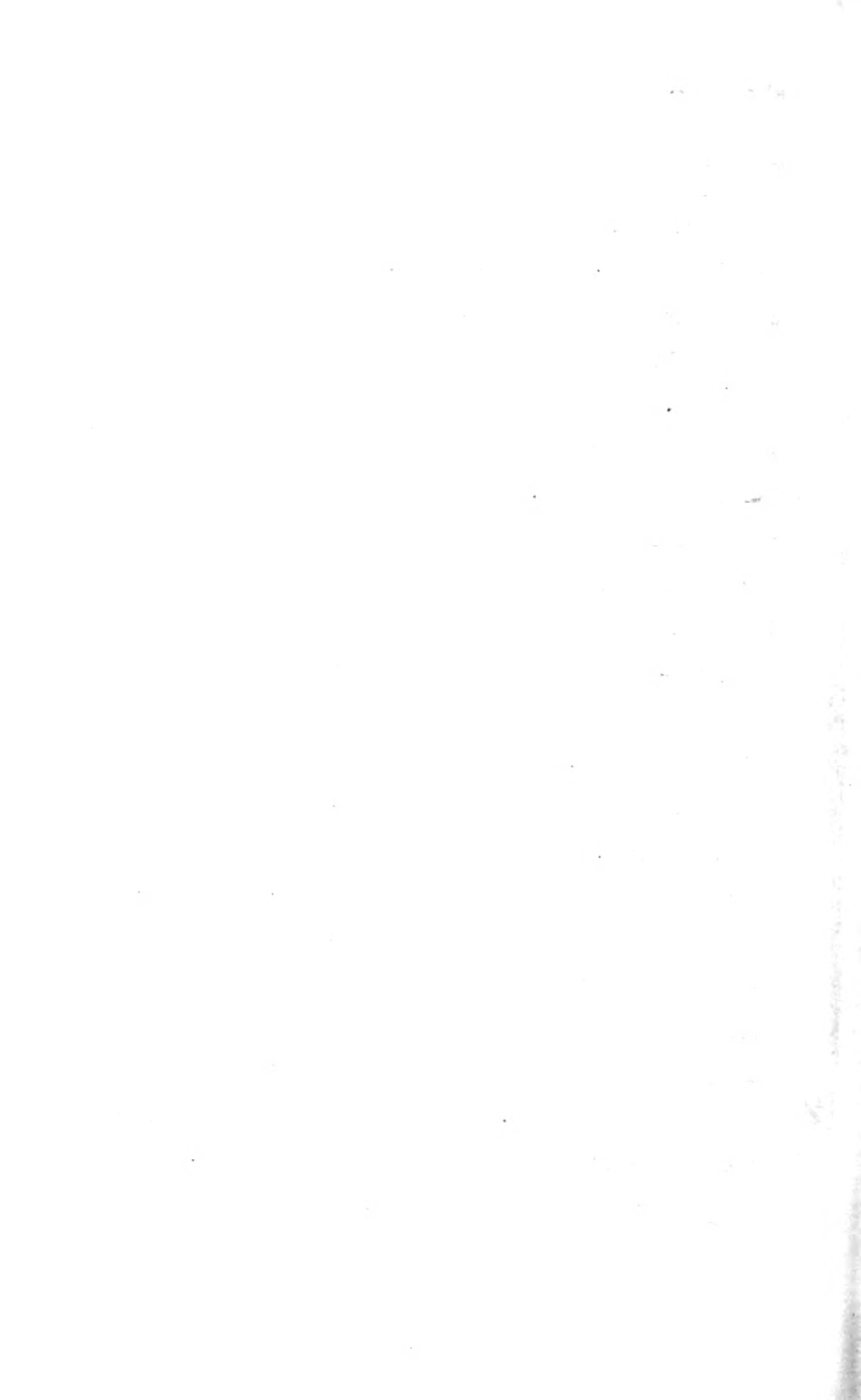
In 1958, when his term of religious superior at St. John Fisher was completed, Father Murphy was transferred to the faculty and administration of the Basilians' University of St. Thomas, Houston, Texas, where he filled many offices, professor, president, chancellor, superior, though not all at the same time. In Houston he worked under conditions not totally different from those in Rochester, but in close association with, even hand and glove (as it were) with that other Basilian founder and builder, Father Vincent Guinan, who was at St. Thomas as he had once been at Assumption, John's colleague, mentor, adviser and friend. By 1968, when Father Murphy retired from St. Thomas, he was an exhausted man, worn out by the unrelenting function of the university head in our day of finding the financing required for the operation of a university, and sick at heart over the loss by death of his young colleagues,





Father Edward Sullivan and Father Leslie Vasek.

The third field into which Father Murphy carried, in the spirit of Genesis 1, God's creative challenge into action, was in the care of souls as a University Chaplain in the University of Windsor. This has been the most pastoral and even the most personally satisfying of all his human activities. Here he has tried to fill the earth and conquer it by fashioning souls and enriching them in the spiritual wonders bequeathed to the Church by tis founder, Jesus Christ - wonders which have been so beautifully described by St. Matthew in the fifth chapter of his gospel, a part of which made up the third reading of this Liturgy. Father Murphy was, indeed, one with all those he instructed and encouraged in this assignment. He was, as he would have each of them be, a child of God of the kind that made Matthew exclaim: "Happy are the poor in spirit, happy the gentle, happy those who mourn and those who hunger and thirst for what is right. Happy the pure in heart, the long-suffering and the peacemakers. Let us rejoice and be glad that we have known John



Murphy, and let us pray that his reward will be great in heaven.

(Sermon preached by Father Laurence Shook at the funeral of Father John Francis Murphy in Assumption Church, Windsor, on March 1, 1975. Transcribed from a copy of the preacher's text in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)



You are the light of the world ... No one lights a lamp to put it under a tub; they put it on a lamp-stand where it shines for everyone in the house. In the same way, your light must shine in the sight of men, so that, seeing your good works, they may praise your Father in heaven. (Matt. 5, 15-16)

It is on an occasion such as this that one realizes more than at other times, the inadequacy of human language. It is on such an occasion too that one realizes the inadequacy and emptiness of human praise. It is God alone who knows the secrets of the heart; He alone can judge; He alone can reward; He alone can console those who are bereaved.

God has created all men in His own image and likeness. All are called to serve Him and to make Him known to others. It is in the lives of His servants that we see His own perfections mirrored. What I shall try to do then, this evening, is to point out for your own meditation and reflection some of the aspects of the life of the servant of God, whom God has permitted us to know for a time, and whose mortal remains lie before us.

It seems to me that the words of Our Lord that



I have just quoted are particularly applicable to Father Faught - a priest and a teacher - one dedicated to the cause of Christ, to bringing His truth to the world: one who did not put his light under a tub, but made use of the talents God gave him to bring truth to others. I had thought also of the words which Our Saviour used to sum up His own mission:

For this was I born, and for this I came into the world, that I should give testimony to the truth.

We all know that for a Christian, for a follower of Christ, death is not an occasion of unmixed sorrow. Rather, it is an occasion of joy and hope. There is sorrow, yes, sorrow at the loss of one we have known and loved; whose companionship we have enjoyed, whose company we will miss. But it is a sorrow tempered with hope and joy: Hope in the redemptive merits of the risen Saviour, and joy that God has called to Himself one whom He loved, one who has served Him faithfully here on earth, and is now to receive his eternal reward. As we have just heard read in the Preface: "For your faithful, O Lord, life is changed, not ended."





And so while we are gathered here tonight to pay our respects to Father Faught, and to offer our condolences to the members of his family - his mother, his brothers and sisters, nieces and nephews, with whom he always retained close contact - to the members of the Department of Mathematics, who will miss him very much - and to the whole University community - we are also gathered here to express our appreciation and thanksgiving to God for having given us Father Faught for these past years and for the work he accomplished among us.

All of you have known Father Faught - what a dynamic and energetic person he was! Everything he did, he did with all his powers. You know his enthusiasm for Mathematics, for bridge, for music, for sports and games, for anything that offered a challenge to his keen and logical mind. Some of you knew of his work on committees, others his work in St. Cyprian's Parish on Sundays. And we Basilians knew him as a devoted religious, a congenial confrere who made life interesting. To everything he undertook, he brought his full attention; if



it was worth doing, it was worth doing right. But his main work and his chief love was the teaching of Mathematics. He was an extraordinary teacher. I have known many teachers over the years; he was outstanding. On one occasion when he was giving his classes on T.V., and he was one of the first to do so at the University of Windsor, I dropped in to see how the system was working, intending to stay but a few minutes. I remained to the end of the lecture. He had a contagious enthusiasm for Mathematics: and it is usually considered a dull subject. His patience seemed inexhaustible when explaining complex matters to his students. He was always devising new ways to present the material and to anticipate the difficulties of the students. He was always energetic in his lectures, and always available for help - and this when, through many years, he was plagued by ill health, severe ulcers, and sleepless nights.

His was truly a labour of love, and it would be difficult indeed to estimate the number of students he inspired to follow his example in teaching, or whom he helped over their initial



difficulties in persuing a career in science or engineering or medicine or other professions involving Mathematics.

Father Faught would not want to be described primarily as a teacher. He was a priest and a teacher, or rather, a priest-teacher. To him, they were not two vocations, but one. At the altar, he offered himself with Christ to the eternal Father; in the classroom, he continued this offering of himself knowing that what he did for others, he did for Christ.

One sometimes hears the remark around the University that people are surprised to find a priest teaching Mathematics. I'm sure that Father Faught had heard the remark many times. They would expect a priest to teach Theology, or Religious Studies, or Philosophy, or History, or even Sociology or other humanistic disciplines, but Mathematics? To Father Faught this was no conundrum. To him, there was but one truth. As an apostle of Christ, he was committed to bringing truth to the world ... and truth is not to be found only in matters of faith, or in theology, or in humanistic studies



... it is found throughout the whole of God's creation. And anytime we bring a human intellect closer to truth of any kind, we bring that intellect closer to God, the Author of all truth. His apostolate was the apostolate of the intellect. His witness, a witness to the unity of truth.

This witness is particularly important in the world today. There are many who consider that truth can only be obtained in the statements of Mathematics, or of the Sciences, where the conclusions can be submitted to the rigour of logical analysis or the test of experiment. They deny any objective truth to the statements of the more humanistic subjects, including philosophy and theology, and reduce faith and religion to mere opinion. Father Faught presented a living refutation to this position. Here was a man, keenly intellectual, an enthusiast in Mathematics, logical in all his doings, and yet one who accepted with equal, nay, with greater certitude, the truths of faith. He did not need to go outside the field of Mathematics nor distort its purposes, in order to teach the primacy of faith and the truths of religion.





He could do so simply by being what he was. His whole life bore emphatic witness to the unity of truth and gave convincing testimony that in God alone, the Author of truth, can the human mind find a solution to its problems.

In conclusion, I would ask you to pray for the repose of the soul of Father Faught. I am sure this would be his wish. Each morning, or each day, as he offered the Eucharistic Sacrifice, he repeated the words of the liturgy: "Pray, brethern, that our sacrifice may be acceptable to God, the Almighty Father." If we should pray that the Sacrifice of God's own Son be acceptable because of the human elements commingled with it, then surely we all stand in need of God's mercy and forgiveness.

Eternal rest grant unto him, O Lord; and let perpetual light shine upon him.

(Homily given by Father Norbert Ruth at the Vesper Service for the funeral of Father Donald Faught in Assumption Church, Windsor, February 23, 1975. Transcribed from a copy of the preacher's manuscript in the general archives of the Basilian Fathers, Toronto)



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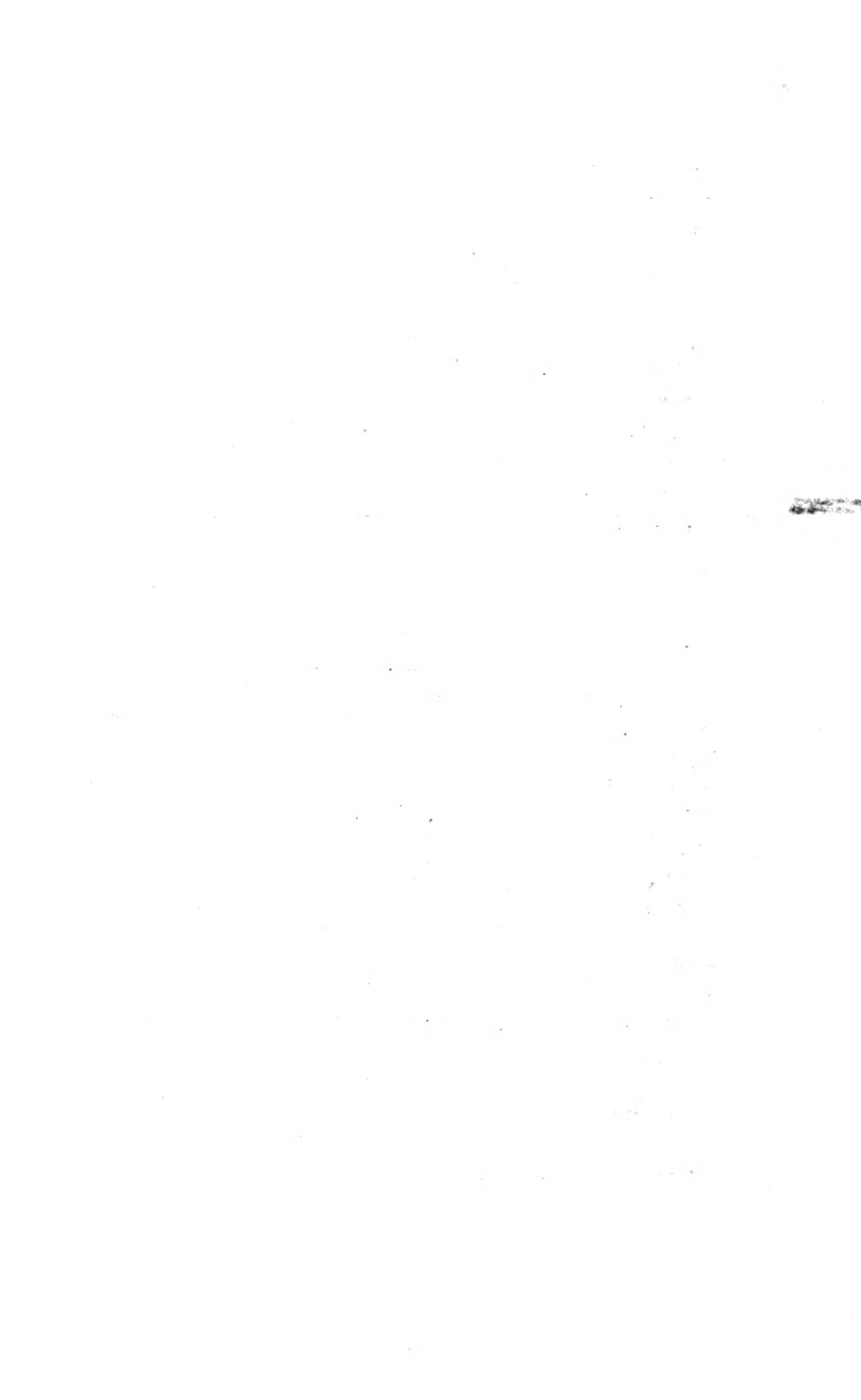
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